

The Aldine

VOL. VIII.

THE ART JOURNAL OF AMERICA.

No. 11.



Drawn on the wood by John S. Davis.

ST. MAGDALENE. — AFTER MERLE.

Engraved by Jonnard.

CHRISTIAN'S DREAM.

THE portals and bars of the sky
Are loosed by the seraph at sentry,
The keepers of paradise vie
In giving me escort and entry.
For Death, the redeemer, hath broken the wall
Of flesh and of body which held me in thrall;
From life's bitter waters of hyssop and gall
His touch was a pleasant nepenthe.

The dweller on earth is a slave,
To die is the slave's manumission;
The narrow descent to the grave
Grows broad in the vistas Elysian.
The soul that was sinful, now winging its flight,
Is washed in the dews of the temperate night,
And though it was carmine, becometh pure white,
Though blind, it receiveth its vision.

From earth comes an echo of song
Which knows neither halt nor regression,
It bears me along and along,
Embarked on its ceaseless procession.
I listen, I hear it, sweet chorus and lay—
"To Him that hath given, hath taken away,
Be glory and honor and worship for aye,
Be service forever in session."

Soft anthems come down from afar,
Soft anthems come up from the churches;
A whisper of song from each star
In one diapason immerses.
And this is the choir and the hymn of the spheres,
An incense of love through eternity's years
To Him who hath bought them with Olivet's tears,
Whose cross was their ransom and purchase.

Of old the *Placebo* was said
By John, the enwrapt revelator,
That blessed are they that are dead
With faith in their Christ and Creator.
Sweet refuge from earth and its cankering care
Is found in the realms of the ransomed ones where
Nor evil nor doing of evil is there,
Nor crafty device of the Hater.

Here love doth invest the great throng
With bonds which no discord shall sever;
The flow of their anthem and song
Shall cease from its eloquence never.
Here I that was weary find solace and rest
Where earth and its foibles can never molest;
The faithful in life are in dying made blest
For ever and ever and ever.

—Frank Carpenter.

ST. MAGDALENE.

THE popular notion of Mary Magdalene, or St. Mary Magdalene, as she is called, is a curious illustration of the tenacity of life possessed by an error which has once become thoroughly established. Of course our readers are all sufficiently familiar with the popular version of the story of Mary Magdalene. She is always spoken of as the woman referred to in the Gospel according to St. Luke, chapter seven, verses 36 to 50, who came into the Pharisee's house while Christ sat at meat, and washed his feet with her tears, drying them with her hair and anointing them with precious ointment, in gratitude for his having pardoned her sins. It is in this character that Mary Magdalene has figured in both art and literature to the present time; and it is to this conception of her character and identity that we owe the establishment (about 1215) of an order of nuns, originally composed of dissolute women who had reformed, and devoted to the reformation of that class after others had been admitted to the sisterhood. To the same source, too, do we owe our numerous Protestant "Magdalene" retreats and asylums which have for their object the reclamation of fallen women. It is in this character of the great sinner, "to whom much has been forgiven," that she is generally represented by artists.

And yet all history shows this to have been all a mistake and a wrong done to an unfortunate but pious and estimable woman! The name of the woman who bathed and anointed Christ's feet, and "covered them with her kisses," is not mentioned in the Scriptures and we have no clew to her identity; but, in the next chapter to the one in which this incident is narrated (chapter eight), we are told how he

went from city to city, preaching, and was ministered to by several women who had been healed of divers evil spirits and infirmities, among whom is mentioned Mary Magdalene (Mary of Magdala, a city on the Lake of Galilee), from whom had been cast "seven devils;" but there is no hint in this that she was anything other than a virtuous, upright woman, the "possessed of devils" being well understood to have been not exceptional sinners, but only unfortunate epileptics or insane persons. The erroneous opinion has, however, been too long the popular one to be successfully combated now, albeit it has been often enough refuted. The real Mary of Magdala, who was "last at the cross and first at the grave," has been obliged to give way, and her name has been conferred upon the humble penitent who appears but once in the Gospel narrative of the life of Jesus.

Mr. Merle, in his picture which we engrave, has not departed from the traditional custom, but has given us the penitent with disheveled locks, upturned eyes, and cross clasped on her bosom. It must be confessed that he has done it well, however, and that he has striven hard to catch the expression of her who loved much because forgiven much.

Mr. Merle is one of the rising artists of the present day in Paris, being particularly praised for his coloring and correct drawing, and for an earnest striving after expression, which is a rarer quality in Paris than the other two.

He was represented at Philadelphia, and at the Centennial Loan Exhibition, by several pictures, as "Charity," "Repose," "Two Sisters," "Grandmother's Story," "Violets," etc. The painting from which our engraving is made is one of the most favorable specimens of his style.

THE CATHEDRAL OF TREVES.

THE town of Treves, once and for centuries a capital of importance, is situated in Rhenish Prussia, on the right bank of the Moselle, about sixty-five miles southwest from Coblenz. It lies in a lovely valley, and is itself a quaintly beautiful and attractive old town. Perhaps the very decadence which has fallen upon it, whereby large squares are left vacant where formerly stood buildings, has helped to increase its beauty. It has now about twenty-one thousand inhabitants, though it formerly possessed many more. The town is approached by a bridge seven hundred and ten feet long and twenty-five wide, with eight arches resting on piers built of huge blocks of lava by the Romans.

The history of Treves is a curious one and sufficiently full of incident. It probably took its Roman name, Augusta Trevirorum—and indirectly its present name—from the fact that in the time of Cæsar it was inhabited by a Gallic or Belgic race which occupied a large tract of country between the Meuse and the Rhine. The capital, Augusta Trevirorum, was a Roman colony in the time of Augustus, and became ultimately the headquarters of the Roman commanders; and, in later times, a frequent residence of the emperors, especially Constantine. In 463 it was conquered by the Franks, under whose control it continued to flourish. In 843 it was added to Lorraine; Germany got it in 870, only to relinquish it to Lorraine again in 895. It was finally united to Germany by the Emperor Henry I. (about 936), and since 1814 has belonged to Prussia. About the twelfth or thirteenth century the Archbishop of Treves, by virtue of his office of Chancellor of Burgundy, acquired the power of an Elector of the Empire, and his successors continued to exercise it until the time of the French Revolution.

It is the seat of a bishop and provincial council; has a chamber of commerce, priestly seminary, gymnasium, a library containing ninety-six thousand volumes, besides many valuable manuscripts, and a museum full of valuable antiquities, including the famous "Codex Aureus," or manuscript copy of the Gospels in letters of gold, which Ada, sister of the Emperor Charlemagne, gave to the Abbey of St. Maximinus.

The chief attractions of Treves, however, are found

in its architectural specimens, especially of the earliest styles, in which it is, particularly for a town of its size, exceedingly rich. Of these by far the most imposing and most interesting is the Cathedral Church of St. Peter and St. Helen, of which we give a spirited and excellent engraving. It is of various degrees of antiquity in its different parts, but is principally of the early German-Romanesque style of about the eleventh century. In its interior, however, it retains considerable remains of a provincial Roman Church of the age of Constantine. It is particularly rich in beautiful altars, tombs, rich old chasubles, and missals and famous relics, of which latter the chief is the garment known as the "Holy Coat of Treves."

This remarkable relic, which is only exhibited at intervals, is claimed to be the seamless coat worn by the Saviour. It was discovered in the fourth century, by the Empress Helena, on her pilgrimage to Palestine, and by her presented to the church over which the cathedral was subsequently built. In the ninth century—so runs the tradition—the Treves relics were concealed from the Normans in crypts, and the Holy Coat was not rediscovered until 1196, when it was solemnly exhibited to the public gaze, but was not again shown until 1252, when multitudes flocked to see it, and Pope Leo X. appointed it to be exhibited every seven years. Owing to political troubles, wars and similar causes, this has not been regularly done, however. It was shown in 1810, when it was visited by two hundred and twenty-seven thousand people, and when again exhibited, in 1844, by a much larger number. At this time too many miracles were said to have been worked by it.

These claims, and the extravagant demonstrations of many of the faithful at this time, had the effect of producing a reaction, and the secession of Rongé and a large number of the German Catholics from the Church of Rome.

Among other notable buildings at Treves are the adjoining Liebfrauen-Kirche, or Church of (our) Dear Lady, a graceful specimen of early German Gothic art, finished in 1243; the chapel of the Benedictine Convent of St. Mathias, outside the walls; and the Church of the Jesuits. The town is full, however, of dwelling-houses in the Romanesque style, and there is no place in Germany so rich in remains of the Roman period.

Among these latter are the Porta Nigra, a colossal gateway, probably one of those by which the town was entered in the time of Constantine; and the so-called "Roman baths," which were more probably part of an imperial palace. More interesting, still, however, is a basilica, built of Roman brick, by Constantine, for a court of justice, and subsequently used as a residence by the Frankish kings and by the archbishops. It was afterward, in a great measure, demolished to make room for an electoral palace in 1614, which has, however, been recently removed and the basilica restored and fitted up as a Protestant church.

Beyond the walls is also a Roman amphitheatre; and, in short, Treves is, as we have said, one of the most interesting cities in Germany.

THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

IN noticing the pictures shown at the Tenth Annual Exhibition of the American Society of Painters in Water Colors, we shall confine ourselves chiefly to works of American artists not only because they formed the bulk of the Exhibition, but also because of the opinion heretofore expressed by us, that the admission of the works of foreign artists was a mistake, adding, perhaps, to the attractiveness of the show, but detracting from its distinctively national character. It might have been, and should have been, we think, remembered that this was not intended for an international exhibition in any sense of the word, and that, therefore, a partial exhibition of foreign works was doubly unfair to both the foreigners and the Americans represented.

It would be neither possible nor desirable to notice, *seriatim*, all the pictures on the walls, and we shall select for remark, therefore, comparatively few out of the large number shown.

It may be worth while to notice, in the first place, the fact that while, as in nearly all exhibitions of the work of American artists, there was a decided preponderance of landscapes, there was also—as it seemed to us—a larger proportion of “figure pieces”—either *genre* pieces or landscapes containing figures—than usual. It is not, perhaps, possible to give a definite reason for this which shall be perfectly correct; we doubt whether any one knows the reason, but we think we see indications of a growing desire to test the utmost capabilities of water colors as a medium for the painting of figures. Not that there is anything new in their use for that purpose. Figures have been painted in water colors since that style of painting has been known, and exquisite specimens have been and are constantly produced; but it must be confessed that landscapes have attracted more of the attention and labor of artists in this country. To a certain extent this is very probably due to the almost unrivaled beauty of the landscapes to be found in this country which naturally beget an enthusiasm in the lover of nature, and especially in the artist-lover of nature, which helps to distract attention from figure painting. We are glad to see this increased attention to the figure, both for the sake of the increased pleasure afforded by the greater variety in the pictures shown, and also for the sake of the greater freedom and command of their materials which we think the more varied practice likely to give our artists. There is sufficient difference between the requirements of figure and of landscape painting in water colors to make the change available and valuable for instruction to even somewhat advanced artists.

A great deal has been said and written, at one time and another, in regard to the use, in water-color painting, of body and of “wash” colors, and in regard to their respective merits and admissibility as methods. As in all such discussions, there has been, of course, a great deal of both sense and nonsense talked on the subject, and we dare say that more than one person has spoken fluently of body color and of “wash,” or, using the French term, *gouache*, who had but a very slight comprehension of what is really meant by the two terms. There are those who almost insist that body colors should never be used in water-color painting; while, on the other hand, there are those who show their practical disregard of this rule, by using body color so freely as to make their pictures look almost like imitations of oil paintings. A notable instance of this was seen in the “Female Head,” by P. Bouvier—a foreigner—which was marked No. 1 in the catalogue. We do not propose to in any degree criticise the merits of the picture considered in regard to the effect produced, but cite it as a fair example of the piling on of color of which we have spoken. None who saw it can forget the very confusing and unpleasant effect produced by the peculiar manner in which the colors were applied when looked at closely. It was precisely the effect—a little exaggerated—experienced in inspecting an oil painting in the same way, while at a distance the colors blended precisely like the masses of color in an oil painting, so as to produce a very striking and entirely different effect.

Into the discussion over the proper times and places for the use of body color, or of “wash,” in water-color pictures, we do not purpose to plunge—no pun intended—we are quite content to let others fight the battle and decide the question. That the foundation idea of water-color pictures is not body color, however, can not, we think, be denied by any one who has carefully studied the scope and capabilities of that style of painting. Whether all that should be done in water color can be done in “wash” is another question—and one which we do not at all believe can be adequately answered in the affirmative. The great point at issue we conceive to be, that the unities should be strictly observed whether it be done in one or another style of painting. We can conceive, for instance, that a picture which should be all heavy body color above and “wash” color below would have a top-heavy and disagreeable appearance. The two styles should change places, or else should not co-exist in the same picture.

In regard to the pictures shown at the Tenth Exhibition, of which we are speaking, we are bound to record our opinion that the tendency was certainly not to the undue use of body color, although there were undoubtedly some glaring instances of its abuse.

In selecting pictures for notice we prefer to take those which pleased us rather than those which call for adverse criticism; at the same time, we are bound to say that there were a good many more pleasing pictures there, even though—as we have said—the general effect was not much above mediocrity, for which opinion we have given our reasons.

Taking the rooms in consecutive order, one always enters, at the Academy of Design, the “North Room” first, and on this occasion one of the first pictures to attract attention was a landscape by A. H. Wyant, who was also represented by an “Irish Lake Scene”—both exceedingly conscientiously and well-drawn pieces of composition. Following up the idea of landscape, Mr. Francis A. Silva’s “August Morning” showed careful study of atmospheric effects, and carried one back irresistibly to the hottest days of summer, when the blue sky, like the green earth, had changed from clear blue to yellow, and when the mornings, even if sufficiently cool, only served to remind one of the hot day and brazen sky which was coming. Mr. Silva was also represented by “A September Day,” “Fishing Boats off the Coast”—which we did not admire so much—“Flat Rock, Narragansett,” “Threatening Weather,” and “View near New London,” all of which evinced much feeling and very conscientious, careful work, particularly the “Flat Rock, Narragansett.”

Mr. R. M. Shurtleff was represented by six pictures, all landscapes, of which No. 23, called “November,” impressed us as clearly expressing the chill, gloomy air which one expects in the “melancholy days.” It is not too great praise to say that the sight of it was quite capable of making one shiver like a gust of cold air.

Mr. James D. Smillie had no less than eight specimens of his work on the walls of the Academy, of which all were landscapes except No. 54, “The Tenants,” which was an excellent figure study. Of his landscapes, those which impressed us most were No. 165, “A Chemung County Pasture,” and No. 199, “Cathedral Spires—Yo Semite Valley,” both exceedingly carefully painted and showing thorough command of his materials.

Mr. A. F. Bellows had five pictures on exhibition, all introducing figures as the chief motive—so to speak—and most of them being distinctively *genre* pieces. The one which pleased us most, and we believe most visitors agreed with us, was No. 82, “Coaching in New England,” which took one involuntarily back to the elm-shaded streets of a New England village. The subdued greens of the elms made a pleasant contrast with the brighter and deeper colors of the coach, horses, and the garments of the passengers. Next to this, the one of Mr. Bellows’s pictures which attracted most attention was No. 176, “The Lost Letter,” an exceedingly striking and clearly expressed piece.

Mr. Farrer contributed no less than a round dozen of pictures, all landscapes, and most of them of scenes on Staten Island, of which the two which seemed to us best painted were No. 24, “A Windy Day,” and No. 126, “A Cottage by the Wayside,” both painted with feeling and care. The others were, for the most part, comparatively small pictures, pleasing but presenting no especial features for comment.

Mr. A. T. Bricher had seven pictures on exhibition, all of them landscapes, although in one of them he had introduced figures with good effect. The scenes from the Grand Menan were good, but not particularly new to those familiar with Mr. Bricher’s work, he having painted many scenes along that coast, of which some have been engraved in THE ALDINE. The two best specimens shown at the Exhibition were undoubtedly No. 92, “St. Michael’s Mount,” an island on the coast of Cornwall, England, and No. 289, “Sweet Summer Time.” The former was a result of the artist’s studies in England during the summer of 1876.

There were, including drawings, no less than fourteen pictures by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, Treasurer of the Association. Of these five were done in charcoal, and the remaining nine in water colors. Mr. Smith claims, as we understand, to be not a professional artist, but only an amateur; but we must be allowed to doubt the validity of this claim in one who paints so well as he does, and who occupies the official position in the Water-Color Society he does. Be that as it may, however, we may judge Mr. Smith by his works whether he be professionally an artist or not. All the pictures exhibited by him, including the five charcoal sketches, were landscapes, and all evinced a very clear perception of the proper points to be observed in a landscape, and a very correct idea of the best means of representing them, though it might perhaps have been doubted whether or not the artist had not, in some instances at least, missed much of the soul of the scene—whether he had not made a faithful copy rather than an ideal picture of the scene before him. It must be conceded, however, in regard to all of his pictures, that he has a quick eye for effects, and that he had succeeded in producing in these pictures some most notable and most faithful transcriptions of American scenery. Especially did he seem to have attained a very full command of the possibilities of light and shade as shown, for instance, in No. 208, “The Old Saw Mill,” in which he succeeded in giving, without any undue use of body color, the transparency of the water in the pond, and the reflection of the old mill and its surroundings in such a way as to transport one to the bank of some half-forgotten mill pond which furnished the scene for more than one triumph in the piscatorial art in the days of early boyhood.

Seven pictures by Mr. Samuel Colman were exhibited, most of which were to be described as landscapes, although figures were introduced in some, and No. 73, “Durham Cathedral,” and No. 160, “Lincoln’s,” might almost be described as architectural, so minutely did they show the beauties of those two celebrated cathedrals of Durham and Lincoln. At the same time they deserved credit for being among the most clearly painted and feeling landscapes in the exhibition. There was no undue piling up of color in them, no heavy use of body color, but a clear transparent coloring, and a firm handling, which makes the perfection of this style of picture. Mr. Colman had also some excellent studies from the neighborhood of Old Stockbridge, Massachusetts, which has furnished inspiration for more than one artist, as readers of THE ALDINE can testify.

Mr. H. L. Stephens, who is not a member of the Society, was represented by a single picture, No. 484, “The Pied Piper of Hamelin,” which deserves mention among the *genre* pieces for its spirit and vivacity and the faithfulness with which the characteristics of the poem have been rendered—albeit we think it a subject better adapted to treatment in oils than in water colors.

Mr. J. C. Nicoll had on exhibition nine pictures, all of them landscapes or coast scenes. Of them all our favorite was No. 67, “Moonlight, Cape Ann, Mass.,” though No. 295, “Morning Fog—Grand Menan,” was a pleasing picture, showing an excellent effect of atmosphere.

Mr. Granville Perkins was represented by six pieces, “The Salt Meadows, N. J.,” “Mount Washington,” the best of the number; a sketch, catalogued as “Marine,” a “Sunset at Sea,” “Florida Swamps,” “The Cuban Coast.” Mr. Perkins paints with care, but we can not help looking upon him as superior in drawing rather than in color.

Seven pictures by Mr. Kruseman van Elten—whose works have been illustrated in THE ALDINE, were on the walls. Of these the best were No. 156, “Chickens,” No. 213, “Ducks,” and No. 267, “Landscape at Torresdale, Penn.,” the other four were landscapes, and, though very well painted, had nothing to particularly distinguish them from other works by this artist.

Mr. A. H. Baldwin exhibited three pieces, No. 151, “Desdemona’s House at Venice,” a careful study of an interior; No. 431, “An Excursion Party at



BABY'S TEA.—AFTER W. C. T. DOBSON, R. A.

Nantucket," a fine bit of bright coloring and lively movement. The "Game of Solitaire," No. 491, was however, to our mind, the most pleasing of Mr. Baldwin's efforts. It represents a weather-beaten old mariner, seated under the lee of a stranded boat, indulging in a game of solitaire, which is evidently proving a "puzzler" for him. The story was well and characteristically told, and did not fail to attract

the attention of most of the visitors to the gallery. Mr. F. S. Church had on exhibition three pictures, No. 383, "The Ostrich Dance," No. 384, "Sketches from Nature," and No. 483, "The Awkward Squad," a miscellaneous collection of penguins, cranes, herons, and similar long-legged birds, at drill as soldiers—presenting an appearance which fully justified the title given the picture.

—*Sidney Grey.*

BABY'S TEA.

THE universality of the love for babies must be admitted in spite of the pretended dissent and grumblings of discontented old bachelors, who claim to dislike them, or, like Charles Lamb, pretend to prefer them "b-b-oiled, madam." They are almost as great tyrants in art and in literature as they are confessed to



"LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG!"—AFTER SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

be in the household. It must be an exceedingly ill-painted "Madonna and Child," or other "baby piece," which does not command from the multitude some recognition at least. If it have defects of execution visible to the critical eye, the probabilities are that the sentiment involved—if it be expressed with the least skill or tenderness—will, in the popular apprehension, entirely overshadow these and cause them to

be practically forgotten. There is something in the baby which is going to be a man or a woman, something in its helplessness and in its occasional betrayal—more and more each day—which appeals with a greater power than almost anything else to the chivalric sense and to the human sensibilities which are to be found in some degree in even the most hardened breasts. When to this is added the element of mother-

hood—as in the pictures of the Madonna and Child, for instance—the attraction becomes irresistible.

In the picture by Mr. Dobson, which we engrave, the idea of motherhood is indicated only in the watchful care and loving solicitude depicted in the countenance of the elder sister, who is giving "baby" her evening meal, and yet it is there. The instinct which was born with her is being rapidly developed, in the

care of the younger sister, toward its full manifestation when she shall dandle on her knees a daughter. For the rest, the picture is painted with great skill and expression, especially in regard to the faces. The dawning tenderness and love, of which we have spoken, are faithfully rendered in the face of the elder maiden, while the baby's satisfaction with the bun which constitutes the solid part of its tea, and, in fact, with the whole situation, is admirably brought out.

Mr. Dobson is a painter of considerable strength and vigor of handling, simple in his methods of producing effects, and thoroughly conscientious. He had several characteristic pictures on exhibition at Philadelphia, such as "Children's Children are the Crown of Old Men," "Nazareth," etc. The picture we engrave is not only a thoroughly charming rustic scene, but is an excellent specimen of his work.

"LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG."

It is not often we are called on to admire a more charming picture of childhood than the one we give in this number of THE ALDINE. The sweet childish face, with its abundant promise of future beauty, the unstudied grace of attitude, the roguish expression of the large, trustful eyes, added to the decided discomfort at his little mistress's too ardent caress, evidently depicted on the face of the dog, make up a whole of which any artist might be proud, and which it ought not to surprise us to be told was painted by a master none other than Sir Joshua Reynolds—the "great Sir Joshua." It would be a thoroughly delightful picture, even if it had no history, and interesting, even if painted by any one besides the great English master. There is, however, a little anecdote connected with the painting of the picture which lends it additional interest. It is the portrait of Miss Bowles, when a very little girl, and was painted by Sir Joshua in 1775, when fifty-two years old. The circumstance is related by Mr. Leslie, in Leslie and Taylor's "Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds:" The great painter had been invited to dine at the house of Mr. Bowles, and was much struck, while waiting for dinner, by the beauty of their young daughter, and by the pretty tableau she made when she flew to embrace her dog—as represented in the picture—being a little shy of the stranger, and expressed his admiration. Sir George Beaumont, who has furnished the anecdote to Mr. Leslie, thereupon urged Mr. and Mrs. Bowles to have their daughter's portrait painted by their guest; but they had intended to have her sit to Romney, and objected to the proposition, urging that Sir Joshua's pictures faded—which was true enough, as all who have seen the specimens in the Lenox collection can testify. Sir George was urgent, however, and finally carried his point, the parents consenting to commission Sir Joshua. The little maid was accordingly placed next him at dinner, and he exerted himself so successfully—for he was a great lover of and favorite with children—then and subsequently, as to win her heart completely, and in a few days she went willingly to his studio and patiently gave the necessary sittings for this, one of the painter's most charming pictures, and, we are told, most successful portraits. It may be matter of interest to our readers to know that Sir Joshua received fifty guineas—about \$250—for the picture, while the late Marquis of Hertford gave for it a thousand guineas.

ART IN LONDON AND PARIS.

IN Trafalgar Square, London, and directly behind the great monument to Nelson, celebrated for its lions modeled from designs by the late Sir Edwin Landseer, stands the National Gallery, the repository of the works of art belonging to the nation—an unrivaled collection, surpassing by far the Musée du Louvre of Paris, not in numbers, but in quality. Where the Louvre shows several of one master, the National Gallery exhibits but one: that one, though, is a gem. I do not mean to say by this that the collection of the Paris Musée is a secondary one: it is not. It is more complete in its exhibit of the schools of art than the gallery in London; but to the latter one must go to see

a master work of any particular artist. From the Teniers in the Louvre you receive but an indifferent idea of that master's ability, though there are many; but an examination of the two or three in the London gallery tells you immediately what that artist was. So with Van Dyck, Rubens (although the best Rubens are not in London), Hobbema, Ruysdael, Van Eyck (the inventor of oil painting), Holbein, Quentin Matsys, and nearly all of the painters of the Flemish school. For the celebrated Italians there is no place like Rome and Florence.

But the great pride of the London National Gallery is the collection of Turners—his "Liber Studiorum" and the fine collection of large oil pictures. Standing before these latter, one can not help but admit the truth of Ruskin's claim that "Turner was the greatest landscape painter who ever lived." Claude Lorraine is admitted to be great, perhaps the greatest before Turner; but certainly, upon beholding the two glorious works of the latter master, placed by his desire between two Claudes, one must be but an indifferent student of art or lover of nature, not to be able to see that they go beyond the older master in all respects. All of Turner's pictures are not of the same high order. All are skillful; many would demand of the beholder a worship akin to idolatry of the master in order to claim for them a footing with the two above mentioned. But what a grand painter of water! Certainly he is without a rival, either among the old painters or among the modern, for truth of color, form and motion, air, distance, light, particularly the last. His manner of putting or placing the color upon canvas, is wonderful in confidence and knowledge of what is necessary, and the quickest means of producing the effect, thereby preserving the purity of color. But, sad to say, Turner's pictures, I think, will have no other existence a century hence than in books. The two beautiful works mentioned are now as low toned, are even lower in tone—that particular tone worked by time upon the substances comprising the picture—than are those of Claude; and some others, especially those painted in a very light key—those having much white in them—are cracked all over; and large flakes have become detached and fallen between the picture and glass that covers it, which is curious, as those pictures containing much solid white are generally those that preserve the best with other masters; whereas, with Turner, the darkest or lowest toned works are those which show the least signs of decay.

Upon what qualities of art the drawings of Mulready are esteemed I have failed entirely to find, as productions of that class are seen every day better done in the ateliers of Paris and by boys. For years I have read of, and have heard from the lips of amateurs who believe all they read of such illustrious names—of the beauty and high artistic qualities of those red and black chalk drawings in the National Gallery. It must be in their case the same as with many other things, a matter of taste—it certainly is not one of knowledge—and the paintings by the same masters are below criticism as works of painters' art. A good engraving of them is far preferable, and gives greater pleasure than looking at the originals. Who does not know the "Wolf and Lamb" by the excellent engraving from this work? Content yourselves, my dear readers who have not seen it! You would be cruelly disappointed, for it is one of the weakest pieces of painting and color that one can find. Another by Collins, "Happy as a King," sometimes called "Rustic Glee," the engraving of which is worth the painting, I wish I could say as much for the painting that it was worth engraving. You say, when receiving a pair of shoes from your shoemaker, if they are badly done, "They are bad; the work is poor!" to the carpenter who does not understand his business, "Your work is clumsy and rude." So I say of this picture: the work is bad—as bad as anything which is claimed as something can be. Feeble in color, unlearned in manner—or, rather, lacking entirely in style—it gives a poor impression of the picture from which so pleasing a subject as the steel engraving of the same was drawn; and outside the idea of a subject for a picture, is en-

tirely worthless. On the other hand, no engraving, no reproduction can give the beauty of David Wilkie, Reynolds, some of Gainsborough's, Hogarth, and the lovely Rembrandts, and more than all others, the chefs-d'œuvre of Turner. These all leave far behind them the ablest, the subtlest skill of the engraver's art.

It is a great error, repeated in all the European nations and believed in, that England has not had a school peculiar to herself, as had Italy, Spain, Belgium, Holland, and France. I repeat it, it is an error. England had as fine a school—a school just as serious, just as artistic, and in some respects much more natural than the contemporaneous schools. Reynolds, Gainsborough, Wilson, Hogarth, Wilkie, Constable, as designers, as colorists, as painters and as storytellers, equal any of the schools of Europe, in some instances excel them, as in the case of Hogarth and Wilkie. No contemporary painter equaled them in any school of the world, nor, I might add, has done so since, in their particular genre. With one exception—Rembrandt—none have surpassed the vigorous painting and qualities of Reynolds's "Banished Lord." What landscape painter of his time surpassed Gainsborough, without counting his extraordinary ability as portrait painter—an ability so immense that it is difficult to know which to place first, his portraits or landscapes.

But certainly the English school of to-day is the feeblest among all—an infant giant learning to walk—making rapid and long strides toward its old brilliancy though: witness Millais, Landseer, Turner, Faed, Frith; and among the younger men, Small, Fildes, Aumonier, Boughton, Henry Moor, E. Leighton, etc., who certainly are men and artists calculated to sustain and increase the tendency toward a glorious position among the modern schools of art. One thing is evident: in England there is a healthy sentiment, and poetry. Her painters have a manner peculiar to themselves; probably a little too romantic and not sufficiently studied from nature; but in the hands of the young school the future can not fail to be better.

Last year, when the new additions to the Gallery were completed, making now quite a fine, though not commodious repository, all the pictures were placed under glass, except the very largest, to preserve them from the fogs which are continual in London, and fill the finest edifices with their disagreeable effects. Some days, even, one can not see from one extremity to the other of a hall, as in the South Kensington Museum, nor see the top of a dome, as in the reading-room of the British Museum, the fog is so thick. Not only is it inconvenient, but its effects are ruinous to works of art, especially paintings. It was a timely and kindly idea toward the preservation of many of the gems in the National Gallery, especially the Turners, which will not stand long under the restorer's hands.

How should France, for example, know better or otherwise of English art? Thirty years ago an English picture had not crossed the Channel, and to-day there are but four in the Louvre—one little gem of a Constable, and two sketches by the same master. The fourth is a Bonington, who, by the by, is claimed by the French as a French master; and so, properly speaking, there are but three English works in France, and they indifferent ones; of a master, certainly, but no examples of his genius nor fair specimens of his style. When I say in France, I mean to say in public museums, the only educational centres of a great nation for the people in such matters. There are, I believe, one or two others in private collections but recently acquired. In this way was exhibited a Reynolds in the exhibition for the benefit of Alsace and Lorraine, in the palace of the Corps Législatif, nearly three years ago; but it was hung in a miserable place, high up and in the dark, so probably not ten people out of the thousands who visited the exposition saw it. Unhappily, the masters of the early British school of painting are few, and their works are not numerous; they are held mostly by the nobility of that kingdom, whose private collections are rich in gems of all schools.

Another young *diva* has made her appearance in Paris, though not for the first time; but this is the



THE PAGE.—AFTER W. FYFE.

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real date of her reception by a Parisian public. Her talents are now consecrated, and all Paris flock to hear her beautiful voice and witness her sympathetic acting. I speak of Miss Emma Albani. She was born in Canada of French parents named Lajeunesse, so say the French papers; but it was in the United States that Miss Lajeunesse determined to devote herself to the lyric stage. This took place in the city of Albany, from which city she started for Europe, re-baptizing her name in the waters of the Hudson, and landing in England under the name of Albani. She has often, since then, returned to the same place. She made her *début* at Covent Garden Theatre in "Sonnambula," and engagements and success flowed toward her, and opened to her, three years ago, the doors of the Ventadour (Theatre Italien, or Italian Opera House of Paris). Out of the many who have taken the same path across the great waters of the Atlantic, Emma Albani is one of the few whose genuine talents have saved her from submersion and oblivion in the flood. The wheel of fortune has carried her above and placed her as one of the brightest stars by the side of Patti and Nilsson in the firmament of song.

Here I may mention another young American who is well known among you. Miss Cary is meeting with success and fortune in St. Petersburg.

America has reason to be proud of her daughters at least. Misses Sterling and Hauck are not unknown. In England they meet with great favor, but as yet are unknown on the continent. They have only to sing before these people to win, as their sisters have already done, a continental approbation.

Albani has played "Rigoletto" at the same theatre. This opera was played for the first time on the 19th of January, 1857; and though more complete, and in the opinion of musicians superior to "Trovatore" by the same composer, it has never met with the approbation it merits. It was then played by Mario; Frizzolini the incomparable *Gilda*; Albani sounded her velvety contralto; while Corsi, by his splendid acting, covered the defects of his poor vocalization. It is an example among the thousands of blind chance presiding over the works of the theatre; for in spite of the musical *ensemble* of "Rigoletto," so superior to "Trovatore," it could not struggle against the steady growth in popular favor made from day to day by the latter.

Though mentioning three operas, for it was in "Lucia di Lammermoor" that Albani made her *entrée*, an artiste endowed with originality can not be compared but to herself: parallels are commonplace, if not treason. Yet there may exist between two talents certain analogies which explain them, and make a resemblance without touching. As, for example, with Albani as formerly with Persiani (for whom the rôle of *Lucia* was created), it is the exquisite and knowing carving that transforms into a jewel the metal of the voice; as in a work of the goldsmith's art, it is the skill of the worker that doubles ten times the price. By other processes than those of her illustrious predecessor, translating the chaste love and killing despair of the heroine of Scott and Donizetti, Albani has in her turn made in song a style that resembles the art of a Benvenuto Cellini. The cantatrice carves each note with the relief, the finish and neatness of the great Florentine jeweler fondling a morsel of gold or silver. The metal or the voice is the first substance which under the hand of one or in the throat of the other is to be a jewel. It reminds one of the words of the poet who said: "Pick up a pin, it is only a pin; carve it, it is a jewel!"

At the Grand Opera "Robert le Diable" has been recently reproduced, and in connection a few facts belonging to its production may interest the readers of THE ALDINE.

The first representation of "Robert" took place on Monday, November 21, 1831. Here is the distribution of characters: *Robert*, Adolphe Nourrit; *Bertram*, Levasseur; *Raimbault*, Lafont; *A Herald at Arms*, Massol; *A Major-Domo*, Alexis Dupont; *Alberti*, Heurtaux; *A Priest*, Prévost; *Isabelle*, Mme. Ciuli Damoreau; *Alice*, Dorus. The assistance of

the pupils *pensionnaires* of the Conservatory had been loaned to the opera for that work, and one sees among the illustrious names Messrs. Prévost, Pouille, Trevaux, Wartel, Revial, Seguy, Coudere, Euzet.

The chorographical part offers an *ensemble* of artists as remarkable as that of the singers. The rôle of *Helena*, the superior of the nuns, was acted and danced by Mlle. Taglioni, and the grand *pas* of the second act united Perrot, Mmes. Montessu, Julia and Noblet. "Robert" had an enormous success, and paid. The receipts surpassed those of the "Triomphe de Trajan" and of the "Vestal," works that at that day were cited as the most productive of the *répertoire*.

This work of Meyerbeer's ran for more than three months in succession, after which it remained suspended, by the artists leaving, political events, etc., until the 20th of July of the following year, 1832.

According to Charles de Boigne, in his "Petits Mémoires de l'Opéra," the complete success of Meyerbeer's works startled the world. It was unexpected.

The doctor Véron, in taking possession of the Opera, assumed the obligation of representing "Robert le Diable," just as a tenant assumes certain conditions exacted by his lease. To become director of the Opera it was necessary to produce "Robert": the conditions were rigorous, but formal. Véron, nevertheless went to see the Minister, whom he induced to pity his position, and from whom he obtained a sum of 40,000 francs (\$8,000 gold)—we are speaking now of forty years ago—destined to aid the poor director in mounting his piece. At the rehearsal an organ was wanted. "My faith," said Véron to Meyerbeer, "you will have to do without it. I will never submit to such an expenditure!" Meyerbeer said nothing, but hired an organ himself, the best he could find. Later, when "Robert" was gaining 10,000 francs each representation, the director gave the order to include the organ belonging to Meyerbeer among the items of expense. But it was pure generosity on his part.

The representations of his opera have rendered Meyerbeer very unhappy. One can not dream even of the sleeplessness, of the terrors, of the caution, of the labor, and even despair. He had an eye upon all: it was he who thought of all and supervised all. At the general rehearsal, at the aspect of the famous decoration of the cloister, and at the sight of the stupendous effect produced by the magic scene of the nuns, the poor-great composer trembled with pain. "I see how it is," said he to Véron; "you do not count at all upon my opera, since you strive to obtain success by a *mise-en-scène*." "Wait a bit," replied the director. At the fourth act the curtain rises upon a wee bit of a saloon. Meyerbeer had dreamed for his Princess of Sicily a sumptuous apartment. "Decidedly," said he, "you do not believe in my work; you have not even ventured the expense of one decoration!" Finally the great day arrived. In spite of the frantic applause of the house, Meyerbeer refused to believe in his triumph. At the second act, something from which lamps were suspended broke down. At the third act, the canvas that rises to expose the cloister of St. Rosalie missed crushing Mlle. Taglioni. At the fourth act, Nourrit disappeared with Levasseur in the trap which ought only to have swallowed *Bertram*. All these accidents did not prevent success. Meyerbeer is dragged upon the scenes by the actors. He is saluted by a thousand cries of enthusiasm. In spite of that, he does not believe in his triumph: he still doubts. He takes the arm of one of his intimate friends, Gouin, the confidant of his agonies, the witness of his struggles and wishes—as usual after the rehearsals, to take him home with him. But Gouin resists, and cries "No! no! For three months I have not slept; for three months, day and night, we have spoken of nothing but 'Robert le Diable.' Robert has triumphed all along the line; go home and sleep, and let me do as much." Then, only, Meyerbeer believed in the sincerity of all that had just transpired. His friend going quietly to bed proved to him, more than all the bravos of the house combined, that it was real; and, his voice filled with tears, he murmured: "It is then true that it is a success."

I spoke of an accident that occurred in the last act: Nourrit (their grand tenor of that day) falling or throwing himself into the trap. Let me add, as a curious detail, one that shows the stuff of which a great actor is composed. At the end of the beautiful trio that serves as the *dénouement* of the piece, *Bertram* should throw himself alone into the trap, to return to the empire of the dead. Nourrit (fine tenor and superb actor), converted by the voice of God, by the prayers of *Alice*, should, on the contrary, remain upon the earth, to marry finally the princess *Isabelle*; but that passionate artist, oblivious to all but the situation, threw himself, in his delirium, into the trap after the god of hell. There was but one cry upon the stage: "Nourrit is killed!" Mlle. Dorus, whom nothing had moved, not even her personal danger—for a part of the scenery had nearly smothered her—quitted the scene in tears. Then transpired at that moment, under the stage, and in the saloon, and up in the theatre, three very different scenes. The public, surprised, believed that *Robert* had given himself to the devil, and had followed him to the sombre shores of hell. Upon the stage there was nothing but trembling and despair. At the moment of the fall of Nourrit, they had not, very fortunately, withdrawn the bed, or kind of mattresses, upon which fell *Bertram*, M. Levasseur. Nourrit arose from his fall safe and sound. In the "under" of the theatre M. Levasseur, calm, was tranquilly returning to his *loge*: "What the devil are you doing here," said he, upon meeting Nourrit; "have they altered the *dénouement*?" Nourrit was in too much of a hurry to reassure every one of his safety to engage in conversation with his friend *Bertram*. He reappeared, dragging after him Mlle. Dorus crying for joy. He had fallen a distance of thirty feet under the scenes; but so entirely was he wrapped up in the rôle that he regretted only having followed involuntarily *Bertram*, and was disquieted by the thought that his audience would not understand the *dénouement*.

Meyerbeer, hearing of the accident, wrote to Nourrit, from Nice (then called Piémont), the 28th January, 1834:

January 28, 1834.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

You know that the sickness of my wife has obliged me to pass the winter with her in Italy. It is to Nice the physicians have sent us—city belonging to the king of Sardinia, who fears the French journals much more than the cholera, in such a way that not the smallest Paris journal is allowed to enter, except the *Gazette de France*, which I can not digest; so I am completely ignorant of all that passes in the world of music and the drama in Paris. But such is the celebrity of your name, even beyond the Alps, that I have learned by the Italian journals of the nearly fatal accident that happened to you upon the last representation of "Robert." I have no need to say to you how much I have been struck by it, as your friend, as a passionate admirer of your grand talent, as author of that *Robert* which owes to your admirable execution of the principal rôle the largest portion of its success, and which (the ingrate) has twice so nearly been fatal to your day. I am more interested than any other, no matter whom, of your numerous friends in your preservation, that you may honor, as long as possible, that lyric scene of which you are one of the most beautiful ornaments. I have written to many of my friends in Paris for news of you. I hope that this accident will not be followed by any painful results to your health. If it should be otherwise, I should be in despair for having written "Robert," and I should detest it for ever. I flatter myself, my friend, that you do not doubt my attachment, of the friendship, and of the recognition with which you have inspired me. In spite of that I could not resist the desire to express them to you in these lines the day upon which I learned of the accident happening to you.

Excuse this scribbling. I am writing to you from my bed; for six weeks I have been a prey to a most malignant fever; and, although I am at present convalescent, I am still so feeble that it is with trouble that I hold the pen.

Adieu, my dear friend; recall me to the memory of Mme. Nourrit, and believe me,

Your devoted and sincere friend,

MEYERBEER.

I have taken up, probably, too much space by these incidents, so reserve to another time the description of the magnificence of the *mise-en-scène* of to-day. Mlle. Krausse and Mme. Carvalho, and Messrs. Boudouresque and Vergnet were the principal interpreters of the rôles of the opera.

M. Halanzier is in a dilemma as to which of the two operas he shall produce for the year of the great Exhibition, 1878, "Polyeucte," of C. Gounod, or

"Françoise di Rimini," of Ambrose Thomas; but the last work seems to have the best chance of being mounted for the opera of the year 1878.

In taking the direction of the Opera Comique, M. Carvalho has been obliged to mount the pieces composing the running *répertoire* as new pieces. Most of the artists of the former direction, made free by the closing of the theatre, have been replaced by new ones; it is, in fact, a new troupe, who submitted themselves to hard work to assure the regular daily service. Every one exhibited zeal; the artists of the orchestra, the singers, all courageously went to work under the leadership of M. Carvalho—who has quicksilver in his veins—and succeeded with the new elements, in less than six weeks, in playing "Piccolino," "Fra Diavolo," "Haydee," "Le Prés aux Clercs," "La Fille du Régiment," "La Dame Blanche," "Les Amoureux de Catherine," and "Lalla Roukh."

M. Halanzier, Director of the Opera, is now absorbed in bringing out the "Roi de Lahore." The decorations of the fourth act have already been tried *en scène*. A curious detail—no work has given place for more than five hundred costumes; there will be in the "Roi de Lahore," eight hundred and twenty-two (822). This little detail may give an American public an idea of how an opera should be mounted in Fourteenth Street.

The Academy of the Beaux Arts have elected M. Paul Dubois (sculptor) to replace Perraud. M. Dubois was elected by the first vote, by 21 voices. The other votes were, 7 for M. Cranck; 6 for Chapu, and 1 for Millet.

The first ten representations of "Paul and Virginia," realized 107,203 francs and 75 cents (divide by five for the dollar), and that, too, by consecutive nights, a fact which is not very well known.

It was Marie Antoinette who laid the corner stone of the old Porte-St.-Martin Theatre. In that stone was placed a doll, made as a portrait of the queen, and wearing exactly the costume in which her majesty was dressed for the ceremony. They are now asking what became of that strange relic after the demolition following the Communists' incendiarism of the Porte-St.-Martin in 1871.

—*Outremer.*

PICTURESQUE EUROPE.

THE REGION OF THE MOSELLE.

We have had occasion before this to speak, in THE ALDINE, of the peculiarities of the scenery in different parts of Europe, and especially along the Rhine and its tributaries, the favorite ground of poets and artists from time immemorial. There is probably no other

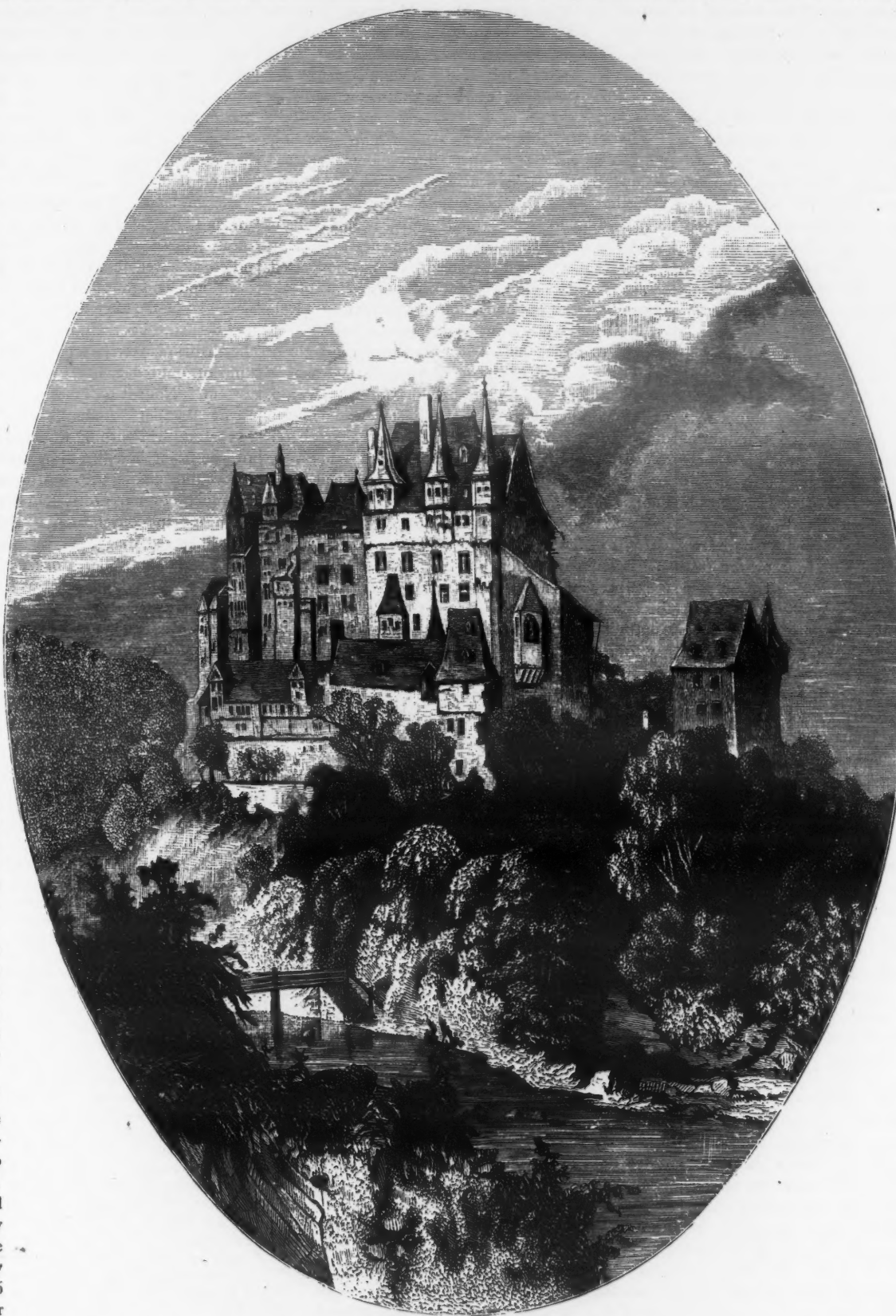
ample of an old castle, we go to the Rhine. Are we in need of an ancient and ghostly story, the Rhine is confidently relied on to furnish it for us. Must we ridicule our neighbors, we can not do better than send them traveling on the Rhine and tell how they behaved—or how we think they behaved. For romance we go to the Rhine; for poetry, for picturesque scenery; in short, for anything which is beyond and

outside of our ordinary experience we visit the Rhineland; and, it must be said in all truth, that we are very seldom compelled to come home unsatisfied. As beautiful scenery—so far as the works of nature are concerned—may be found elsewhere, as we have had more than one occasion to show in regard to our own country, but nowhere else can be found such a combination of natural beauties and artificial adjuncts which unite to make the region of the Rhine pre-eminently the land of romance and of song. It is no wonder, when we think of it, that this should be so. When we recall the centuries during which the Rhine has flowed through its picturesque valley, and the people inhabiting its banks have worked and have fought—have tilled the vineyards which give us the pleasant Rhine wines, have fortified their own castles and have besieged those of their neighbors—we find ourselves involuntarily doing homage to the land which has been the home of so much romance, although we may not be prepared to think it the fairest on earth.

What we have said about the valley of the Rhine applies with equal force to the valleys of its numerous tributaries. They are all part and parcel of the Rhineland, and their scenery is not essentially

different from that along the banks of the historic river itself. There are the same cliffs and mountains, the same vine-clad slopes, the same old castles, the same ruins along them all. Further travel can teach you very little in regard to the Rhine or its affluents. See one and you have seen them all.

Among these affluents of the Rhine are very few more beautiful, and none more celebrated or better known than the Moselle, which gives its name to a province and empties into the Rhine at Coblenz, a point where the Rhine is crossed by a bridge of boats four hundred and eighty-five yards long, and the



CASTLE ON THE ELTZ.

region in the world which has received or deserved more attention, or about which there clings more of the aroma of romance and romantic tradition. Without it and what it has furnished us in the way of materials how bald would not our literature—and art through literature—seem to us. Hardly a name at all celebrated in English literature can be mentioned without calling up some vision of Rhenish Prussia and the scenery along that most celebrated of rivers. Thackeray gave us many a picture of it; in fact, all those whose writings we read and like have made free use of the beauties of this land. Do we want an ex-

Moselle by a stone bridge about five hundred and thirty-six yards in length. The town is one of the most interesting in Rhenish Prussia. It is built on a triangular piece of land, and contains a population of nearly twenty-three thousand, exclusive of the garrison which always occupies the fortifications. It contains a number of notable buildings, among which are a magnificent palace, formerly occupied by the Electors of Treves, an old college of the Jesuits, and a Roman Catholic seminary. Besides these are four Roman Catholic churches, all worthy of consideration, but the one most deserving notice is the one called the Church of St. Castor, which stands just at the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle, and which was founded in 836, and in which a few years later Charlemagne appeared to formally divide his magnificent empire into the three empires of Germany, France and Italy, and to distribute it among his children.

In front of the church is a fountain erected at the time of the invasion of Russia by the First Napoleon, on which is this inscription: "AN MDCCCXII., memorable par le campagne contre les Russes, Prefecturat de Jules Doazan." (The year 1812, memorable on account of the campaign against Russia, under the prefecture of Jules Doazan.) To this the Russian general, St. Priest, added, in 1814: "Vue et approuvé, par nous, Commandant Russe de la Ville de Coblenz, le 1er de Janvier, MDCCCXIV." (Seen and approved by us, the Russian Commandant of the City of Coblenz, January 1st, 1814.)

Besides the buildings here mentioned there are public libraries and other

notable structures. The chief attraction to visitors is found in the fortifications, which were built partly on the plan of Vauban and partly on that of Montalembert, costing nearly \$5,000,000, and which are capable of holding a hundred thousand troops, and have magazines in which, it is said, can be stored provisions for eight thousand men for ten years.

Commercially Coblenz is of some importance, as the port of exit for the whole trade of that portion of the valley of the Rhine, and the contributing valleys of the Moselle and the Eltz. The chief exports are Moselle and Rhine wines, seltzer water (of which a

million and a half of bottles are shipped each year) grain, oil, wine, millstones (made from the lava of extinct volcanoes in the neighborhood), japanned ware, linen and tobacco. The Department of Moselle, when it belonged to France, was formed partly from Lorraine and partly from Luxembourg. It had an area of something over two thousand square miles, and a population of nearly half a million. Spurs of

mouth is scarcely a third of that. It receives in its course the Meurthe and Seille, and the Sarre, the Sure, the Kyll and also the Eltz. The surface of the country along the line of the Moselle is rolling and broken, and is for the most part heavily wooded, affording large quantities of excellent building timber. It has also mines of iron, coal and lime, and numerous excellent salt springs. Among the most picturesque, though not

the largest or most important of the rivers of this region, is the Elz or Eltz, which is a crooked little stream of only about thirty or thirty-five miles in length. Both it and the Moselle are noted among the tourists, however, for the exquisite beauty of the scenery along their banks, and especially for the constant succession of old castles—some of them dating back almost to the time of the Romans—which are to be seen at almost every town. There is, of course, great variety in the architecture of these structures, but they are always interesting from their connection with the traditions of past ages; there is hardly one of them to which is not attached some legend—and they are useful and valuable as giving us the best attainable ideas of the architecture, and, consequently, of much of the home life of the old barons and knights of a by-gone age. We give in this number illustrations of two of these old castles—one on the Moselle, and the other on the Eltz—both splendid specimens of what should probably be called the Romanesque style of architecture, and both entirely characteristic of the scenery of that part of Rhenish Prussia, where one may travel for days, seeing not only the most beautiful scenery—such



IN THE VALLEY OF THE MOSELLE.

both the Ardennes and Vosges mountains help to break up its surface, and add to the picturesqueness of the scenery, than which there is none more attractive in Europe.

The Moselle, which, as we have said, joins the Rhine at Coblenz, is a river which rises in the southeast of the Department of the Vosges in France, and flows nearly northeast to the Rhine, separating the old duchy of Luxembourg from what was known as Rhenish Prussia. It is a particularly crooked stream, and manages to make itself over three hundred miles long, while the distance between its source and the

as we may find along the Hudson and some of the other noted rivers of this country—but may also find himself surrounded with these same old castles, churches, and other evidences of feudal times, of which we have no examples in this country. These are the things, in fact, which make the Rhineland the chosen region of the poets and romancers. Whether or not we should regret their absence in America, is a question more of political than artistic significance, and, therefore, hardly worthy our consideration, the more especially as we could not in any event ever have them if we so desired.

—S. G.

IDLE HOURS.

THE picture by Mr. Smillie, which we engrave in the present number of THE ALDINE, tells its own story quite clearly enough to make any extended explanation of or comment on it entirely unnecessary on our part. The dreamy languor of the hot summer day; the gentle murmur through the scarcely moving branches of the trees—all the soporific influences of the time and scene are carefully reproduced and so vividly expressed that we feel their influence almost as much in looking at the picture as do the couple who are enjoying this tempting *dolce far niente*, albeit it may be doubted whether it is exactly a "sweet do nothing" in which they are engaged. Sweet enough it may be, and doubtless is; but we are inclined to think that, instead of nothing, they are doing something very dangerous indeed. Unless all the signs fail us, they are entering—if, indeed, they are not already started on—the road to a busy flirtation which may even end—who knows—in a matrimonial *dénouement*. We can fancy Cupid hidden somewhere in the shrubbery and chuckling to himself as he watches the success of his mischievous arms.

Mr. James D. Smillie, the painter of this charming picture, was born in New York in 1833, his father, Mr. James Smillie, having been a well-known engraver on steel, who came here from Edinburgh, Scotland. After his school-days young Smillie was put to work assisting his father, and acquired very thoroughly the art of engraving on steel, though he has not followed it for some years. Among other celebrated works he helped his father in the preparation of the large plates of Cole's "Voyage of Life," which are so well known to all our readers.

The subject of our sketch soon acquired considerable reputation as an engraver of landscapes on steel, and for several years gave himself up, almost entirely, to bank-note engraving—the most profitable branch of the art. There were not sufficient capabilities in this branch, however, to satisfy him; and, in 1862, on his return from a trip to Europe, he definitely gave up engraving, although he did not commence painting until 1864—two years later. In that year he took a studio with his younger brother, Mr. George H. Smillie, and in the summer made his first sketching tour to the Catskills.

In 1866 he was elected an Associate of the National Academy of Design; and in 1868, on the founding of the American Society of Painters in Water Colors, he was elected Treasurer, a post which he held until, in 1874, he was elected President—an office he still holds. In 1876 he was made, we are bound to say not undeservedly, a National Academician.

Mr. Smillie has great feeling for landscape—and especially for mountain scenery, which he is particularly fond of painting. He has also a great liking for animals, although he has not made them so extensively a matter of study as he has the peculiarities of mountain scenery. His largest water color was one exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, and represented "a scrub race" among some team horses out in the plains near the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains. It was an exceedingly spirited picture and deservedly attracted a good deal of attention. Another well-known picture of his, "How they Carried the Good News from Ghent to Aix," has been heretofore engraved in THE ALDINE.

Mr. Smillie divides his time about equally between oil and water colors, occasionally amusing himself

with a bit of etching or drawing on wood or stone for the engravers, or in making an Indian-ink drawing. He is a hard worker and shows constant advance, which might not always be the case with painters in general, no matter how many pictures they may have produced, nor how large a capital of talent they may have possessed at the outset.

ANDROMEDA.

THE exposure of Andromeda on the rocks has been made a frequent and favorite subject with artists of all sorts. Ingres and other French artists, besides several English artists, have chosen the subject for treatment in painting and in sculpture. The reason for this general selection of the subject is undoubtedly owing to the fact that it affords excellent scope for the reproduction of the nude without any suggestion of sensuousness.

The story of Andromeda is tolerably well known,

not long have hesitated between the handsome young warrior and the all-devouring monster, and she was glad enough to accede to the terms proposed. Perseus thereupon turned the monster into stone by a sight of his magic shield bearing the head of Medusa, and scared Phineas—who tried to interfere with the proposed arrangement—in the same way, finally carrying off his well-won bride. Afterward Andromeda was given a place among the constellations, where she may still be seen on a clear night by those who are sufficiently skilled in astronomy. Pliny declares the rocks where the maid was exposed to have been those near Joppa, and asserts that the skeleton of the sea monster was found there and brought by Scaurus to Rome, where it was carefully preserved—which we may be allowed to doubt.

Much speculation has been indulged in as to the real meaning of this mythological tale, and it has been conjectured that the story originated in the attempted carrying off of some maiden by a too-fierce lover in the shape of a wandering sea captain.

We need not quarrel, however, about the origin of a story which has given us so many excellent works of art as has this one. Mr. Westmacott's idea of representing her as seated is rather a novel one, but is not out of character, and gives opportunity for an exceedingly graceful posing of the limbs and the slight drapery. It will be observed that there is no contortion of the figure, and that the face expresses expectation, as she strains her sight for a glimpse of the coming monster, rather than agony or dread. At the same time, the chained ankles, and the rock on which she sits and to which she is bound, sufficiently attest her identity. Altogether the subject must be conceded to have been treated with great force and truthfulness.

WAS IT WORTH IT?

THE question is often asked, when a picture is sold for some notable sum "Is it worth it?" And, if we answer in the affirmative, the next query is ready in the shape of a "Why?"

For the most part these questions are asked by those who, having no particular knowledge of or feeling for art, can not know anything of the emotions which excite those who can and do feel a real sentiment of accord between themselves and the artists. At the same time it is

necessary that the question of worth should be fairly met for more than one reason.

In the first place, experience has shown that, in regard to pictures exhibited to the public, the judgment of that public was in the main correct, though attempts might be made to show that this popular decision was generally wrong, and that a reversal of it would do more even justice to both artists and people. Such attempts, however, before they could hope for success, must be based on works of art which, having received the popular commendation, had been proved to be intrinsically bad. We do not believe that many such works exist. This may seem like a particularly bold declaration in face of the fact that many bad—very bad—pictures are bought daily in our marts; that engravings, chromos and lithographs of the most miserable style of execution find a too ready sale; that oil paintings—so called by a misplaced courtesy—flourish among us to an extraordinary extent; but it is, nevertheless, the truth.

It is quite true that, in every farm-house, every country tavern, every city bar-room, and almost every humble home in the country we shall find engravings,



IDLE HOURS.—J. D. SMILLIE.

and yet is, perhaps, worth telling once more. She was the daughter of Cepheus, King of Ethiopia, and Cassiope, and was promised in marriage to her uncle Phineas, when Neptune drowned the kingdom and sent a sea monster to ravage the kingdom because Cassiope had boasted of being more beautiful than either Juno or the Nereides. This terrible consequence of female vanity and female jealousy of course put off all thoughts of Andromeda's marriage, and thoroughly frightened her parents—not the only instance, either in mythology or history, of similar consequences flowing from similar causes—and they rushed off to the Oracle of Jupiter Ammon, by which they were told that poor Andromeda must be exposed naked to the sea monster as the only way to appease the wrath of Neptune. She was accordingly chained to a rock, but before the sea monster had reached her Perseus came along, returning home victorious from his contest with the Gorgons. He was at once captivated by Andromeda's beauty, and offered to save her on condition that she should marry him. The unhappy father consented; and we may be sure the maiden, even if she had been in less dire strait, would

lithographs and chromos which outrage all the canons of art, and so are abominations in and of themselves, but this fact should not be taken as by any means upholding the theory that the popular judgment in regard to art works is always or even usually wrong.

People generally buy, not what they want, but what they can get. If, therefore, they are offered good works of art at a price which comes within their estimates of possible expenditure, they will greedily snap at them; while, at the same time, if they cannot obtain good works at rates within their means, they will take the best that offers—being bound to have pictures to ornament their walls at any rate. It is safe to say that the general craving is for good rather than bad pictures, and that he will best help in the creation of a correct taste in art who most assists in the diffusion of good pictures, and of sound criticisms on art in general, and on special pictures in detail. This is the office which THE ALDINE has assumed to itself and which it proposes to discharge.

So much for the first element in fixing the selling price of a picture—the popular estimate. Added to this there are several things to be taken into consideration by the knowing ones alone. For instance, it makes a difference whether an artist is dead or is still living. If living he may keep on painting, and may give us a better picture than any he has yet produced; while if, on the other hand, he be dead his best work has been done, and his pictures will acquire an additional value from the fact that we can get nothing more from his hand. At the same time death by no means releases an artist any more than it does an author from judgment on his works. The motto *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, does not in the least apply to a man's works in art or literature, even if it does—which is matter of doubt—to his other deeds. The works of dead artists, therefore, while worth relatively more than those of artists still among us, may not be of more positive value than those of living artists, and it is just here that the public judgment becomes worthy of notice. Not even the most knowing of the *cognoscenti* would try to reverse the opinion of the whole people in regard to any picture or any other work of art, however much he might differ from their decision. A picture may be, for instance, severely correct as far as all the rules of art are concerned; it may be well conceived and well executed, and yet lack the elements which appeal to the sympathies of humanity to such a degree that it shall entirely fail of moving the multitude, and so shall be a popular failure. Artistically speaking such a picture may be never so perfect, while, at the same time, its money value—which depends on its salability—is very near to nothing.

It is the popular liking for a picture which really fixes its worth; and though that popular liking may be in the judgment of artists and critics wrong, both artists and critics must in the end bow to it. It is a comfort, therefore, to think that this judgment is usually correct—in fact, it is not too much to say that the canons of art have had their origin in the popular opinion of pictures. In other words, it was not so much the artists who created public opinion as it was public opinion which gave the artists their eminence.

We must not be misunderstood, however, as meaning to assert that the judgment of the people on works of art is by any means always correct, or that an artist who has the approval of the million is necessarily a good one. We should not like to commit ourselves to any such style of criticism, or to any such fluctuating canons of criticism as public opinion might furnish. What we do claim is that in the long run the judgment of the people in regard to works of art is likely to be correct. What has been for ages praised is most probably good, and what has been as univer-

sally condemned is almost certain to be bad. It is on this popular opinion of the merits of an artist that the estimate of the value of his works must be based both because it is probably right, and because it will in the end govern, whether or not we like it. Thus, in the past year there have been sold in New York—to say nothing of what has been done in other cities of our country—several thousand pictures, at prices which aggregate very nearly a million dollars. Compared with that result, all talk about “business embarrassments” and “hard times” becomes a farce, a delusion and a snare.

In the celebrated Johnston collection, for instance, were two Meissoniers; one of which, eight by ten inches in size, painted in 1860, brought \$11,600, about \$145 the square inch; and the other, eight by

Basin, a terrible waste of granite rock, worn into mounds, moles, ramparts, and gashes, over which the foot of man has rarely, if ever, climbed. Here and there little lakes gleam from their basins of stone. Probably there are also little streams running from these to the rivers without, but they are deeply sunken in their channels, and out of sight. The Devil's Basin is a picture of the world after a long and convulsive deluge. The gray granite seems almost blue with desolation. No animal life is there—an occasional hardy pine, growing in some cleft of the rock, is its only redeeming feature. Think of the rocky bed of some brook in the mountains, washed in pot holes and worn in furrows; multiply this indefinitely in extent, making it many miles in area, and you have the Devil's Basin, like the drained floor of some inland sea which has rocked and tossed in ceaseless currents for ages. In order to paint this the artist must have at his command the colors of a cold wintry sky. Whosoever has reproduced the vapory blue of the crevasse, or the chilling gloom of an arctic ice-field, may safely undertake this. But as for him of the softer spirit and gentler touch, it is well that he look elsewhere and take a warmer scene.

Such are within easy reach of the eye. That forest, for instance, is warm even in the short days of winter. It is interesting to compare this with the Devil's Basin, and note the wide difference of their temperatures, if distant pictures may be said to have temperature. A soft curl of smoke, loth to leave the branches of the former, reveals the spot where a band of lumbermen are hibernating. The trees themselves are not naked, but are comfortably clad in their great-coats of evergreen foliage. And the snow, falling slowly and in large flakes, seems to invite one to lie down and to go to sleep under the white mantle which it is spreading. Better, however, would the artist go to Tallac Peak in the summer, and dip his brush in the languor of some lake at rest. They are here of all sizes, dwindling from Tahoe, through Fallen Leaf, Cascade, Echo, Gilmore, and the Medley Lakes, down to the pool in the rock, as yet nameless, which is too shallow to be a harbor for trout.

Does the artist wish for forest scenes? On the flats and the lower skirts of the hills there are parks of timber so dense and so dim that the deer in them, like prisoners in dungeons, have forgotten the color of the sky. Does he need a cascade to add sparkle and “bead” to his picture, perhaps a trifle sombre otherwise? There they are, on every hand, leaping down the stairs of the mountains, gleefully, like children at play. Does he aspire to that sublimity which is the crown of the Sierras? The peaks, white with snow, fade into the white sky beyond, and it will be ample proof of his skill if he can define the scarcely perceptible line of horizon between.

Does he wish an excuse for indulging in those fantastic freaks of coloring to which the artists of Western scenery are so given? Here, then, on the face of Tallac Peak, is ground for the practice of his art, for this is peculiarly a mountain of many colors. No writer, using cold words alone, can ever approach a description of the mingled hues which dye its surface, float over it with the clouds, or play upon it in the sunshine. And as for the painters, I despair even while I try to hope. As for these painters, paradoxical as it may seem to say so, while they overdo yet they do not equal the scenes which they strive to represent. That is, while profusely liberal with those cardinal colors which they buy by the pound, yet they fall short in the tints and shades, of whose preparation and application Nature alone seems to know the art; and, in the result, we see a difference as great as that which exists between the gentle and genuine lady and the painted girl of the street.



ANDROMEDA.—AFTER J. S. WESTMACOTT.

nine inches—or seventy-two square inches in measurement—was sold for \$8,600, or \$125 the square inch. Other pictures, better or worse than these in the judgment of artists, were sold at varying prices, in regard to which we have had occasion, heretofore, to express our opinion. What we want now to say is that the fixed rate in regard to the worth of pictures has not yet been determined upon, and that what a picture is worth is a matter in regard to which there can be no standard.

TALLAC PEAK.

In itself and its surroundings Tallac Peak is probably the most interesting in all the Sierra Nevada range. From its summit every variety of the grand, the picturesque, the peaceful, and the solemn in nature is visible.

Between Pyramid Peak and Tallac lies the Devil's

To describe the colors of Tallac Peak is beyond the power of language—to enumerate them, however, may be possible, after a fashion. First, as a background to the whole, stands its almost perpendicular eastern escarpment of basalt, formidable, forbidding, black browed. Across its face there run two scars of narrow cañon, intersecting so as to form a cross. Into these gashes the snow has been drifted, and, sheltered as it is, here it stays the summer through, gleaming with a whiteness which in the distance seems immaculate, but which, close at hand, is blurred and brown with dirt. There are three kinds of white on Tallac Peak—the cold purity of its snow, the polished silver of its lakes, and the fleecy film hanging in a gossamer fringe about the dark and watery cloud which turbans the highest point. There are three gradations of green there—the sombre tone of its groves of pine, the black green of its chaparral, and the pale tint of the manzanita bush; and it has three shades of brown, one in the pasture of bunch-grass upon its western slope, a second in its evergreens scorched by fire, and yet another in the revealed earth of the gulch and wash upon its lower slope. The soil of earth is so sober in hue, I wonder from what secret fountains the plants draw that chlorophyll with which they paint her face; and whence come the sere yellow of the aspen in autumn, and the purple and amethystine hues of dying herbage which lay a brilliant carpet over the fertile base of Tallac Peak?

This mountain is so comprehensive and cosmical in the nature of its beauty, and is withal so easily accessible that its future must be a popular one. In all of the wilderness of peaks in which the Sierras culminate there is not one more favorably situated than this. True, it is by no means the highest, but still it is above the snow and among the clouds, and to the ordinary tourist this is sufficient. To reach it he has a most pleasant variety of travel. Leaving the railroad at Truckee he rides by stage two hours to Tahoe City, where he embarks, and thence by steamer two short hours to Yank's, which is the prettiest landing on that prettiest of lakes, Tahoe. From there he proceeds by wagon a distance of seven miles, past Fallen Leaf Lake to the Soda Springs, where the road ends and the trail of ascent begins. Up this he rides, by mule or mustang, as far as the base of the pile of volcanic rock which caps the mountain. Then it is but a few minutes of exhilarating clamber to the top and to a prospect of perfect loveliness.

By way of incident to enliven this varied trip it is already considered the proper thing for the pleasure seeker to linger a moment at the Soda Springs, at which in time the big hotel will be built, and there prepare a draught of that medicinal beverage, at once innocent and inspiring, whiskey and soda. At Tahoe City he may go down to the fishery at the shore and toy with the tame trout there. But he should be forewarned, however, that every fish that he hooks will cost him four bits, and a successful day's sport is liable to throw him into insolvency.

At Yank's, also, he should spend at least a day in communion with that remarkable man and modern Munchausen, the proprietor of the place. Old Yank is a character. More than that he is a "case," and a very "hard case," too. Still he keeps the most pleasant summer house on Lake Tahoe; and if his stories are true, which they never are, he has done some very good work in the conversion of the poor Indian to civilization and Christianity, of which his ideas are very indefinite and liberal; and also in the suppression of profanity about his house, in whose precincts he himself swears with a freedom that would shock a stage-driver.

—F. C.

THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA.

THAT the sea furnishes plenty of material for pictures is sufficiently well known, and if it is not quite so prolific in subjects as the land is, it has furnished and has the material to furnish much more inspiration than any one artist has yet been found capable of interpreting, and we very much doubt whether its "infinite variety," can be excelled by even the sky, which, we all know, is never twice alike. In con-

nection with rocky shores, with moving ships, with rising and setting suns, and with shifting skies the conscientious painter of marine views can never complain of lack of effects on which to exercise his eye, and hand, and judgment. The man who cannot feel this while looking on the ever-rolling waves has no real call to be a painter; and the man who does feel it can never complain of the monotony of the ocean, about which so much has been said.

But if the surface of the sea is a constantly changing and ever-shifting picture, what must we say of the depths of the ocean, "the sunless retreats?" And if the land, with its variety of plants and animals, give the painter plenty of scope for display of his skill, how ought he to revel in the sights he might find in the bottom of old ocean, could he be transferred there and allowed to take his palette and brushes, and paint at his leisure the wonders he would find confronting him there? To be sure, this is hardly practicable in the literal sense, in spite of the improvements made in late years in the art of diving, and we may expect that it will be a long time before we hear of out-of-door schools on the bottom of the ocean—among the coral workers, or on the rocks where grow the sponges, and where the huge monsters of the deep lie in calm retirement waiting for their prey. Artists will not, for a long time to come we fear, make up sketching parties to hunt for the mermaids' caverns, or to steal portraits of their inhabitants. Could they do so what particularly jolly exhibitions might we not have on the walls of the Academy of Design, or of the picture galleries of our numerous private lovers of art and buyers of good pictures! What exquisite *genre* pictures would they not undoubtedly give us, based on the airs and graces of the mermen and mermaids with all their attendant sprites and animals!

To be sure, this never has been done, but who is prepared to say that it does not lie in the possibilities of the future? When we reflect on the various ways in which science has been made already to contribute to the service of art, and contemplate the many more difficult and more improbable things which have been achieved, why should it be thought impossible that the not distant future may give us deep-sea landscapes—so to speak—which shall be as great revelations in their way as have been the deep-sea soundings, which have of late years caused so much excitement in the scientific world?

Seriously, we see no reason why all pictures drawn from the ocean should be confined to representations of its surface in different moods and at different times. There is no lack of picturesque and beautiful forms among the inhabitants of the sea, any more than there is among those dwelling on the land; and no one will deny that were the element of animal life—without reference to man—stricken from our art we should suffer great loss of many masterpieces. The great trouble, in regard to the painting of the inhabitants of the sea, is the lack of opportunity for studying them—facilities for taking, as we have suggested, "deep-sea sketches" not having yet been perfected.

Something in this direction has, however, been accomplished by the establishment, in the various large cities and leading capitals of the world, of aquaria, by which, since the artist cannot safely go to the fishes, the fishes are brought to the artist in such fashion that he may study them very much at his leisure, and almost as advantageously as if he saw them at home. In fact, in some respects, he may be said to be more favorably situated in that he has his sitters where their movements must of necessity be more circumscribed; and so what he may lose in other ways he perhaps has made up to him in opportunities for closer studying of individuals. Nor can it be complained that, in any well-appointed aquarium, there is any lack of subjects for study. There are many forms of unmitigated ugliness—according to our canons of beauty—in the sea; but so, also, are there types of exquisite beauty and of far greater variety than any to be found on the dry land. What a beautiful scene, for instance, might not be created from the materials to be found in what we may call the debatable border ground between the animal and the vegetable kingdom! Scenes which should recall to us all that poetry and mythology have

told us of Ocean's depths, together with all that science has gathered for our information regarding the characters and habits of their inhabitants; surely there is field enough in this mingling of the ideal and the real for more than one picture which shall satisfy the canons of art and the requirements of criticism.

At all events, the subject is worth the attention of artists, who certainly ought not to be willing to throw aside any possible materials for good pictures, and whose boast it should be that they rule over no narrow kingdom. While most of the great cities of Europe have been supplied for some time with these pleasant and instructive places of resort, there was not, until October, 1876, a public aquarium worthy of mention in the United States. At that time, however, the want was supplied by Mr. W. C. Coup, who then opened the New York Aquarium, in which he displayed to the public a large and very complete collection of both fresh and salt-water fishes and other animals and plants. It is not our purpose—as it would be out of our province—to describe this great establishment; we have done our duty in giving publicity to certain ideas in reference to its possible use to artists, and in suggesting the examples of beauty furnished by it. At the same time we cheerfully bear testimony to the energy and intelligence which have characterized Mr. Coup in both the founding and management of this important work. What has been elsewhere done by government aid, or by great corporations, he has done alone and quite as well.

THE PAGE.

EVERYBODY is familiar with the little page who has ever read the literature—history, poetry or fiction—of the Middle Ages, and down to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. He meets us at every turn, though perhaps he is found more frequently in the annals of the sixteenth century than at any other period. The duties he performs are multifarious, for now he is attending to carry his mistress's train at some court *fête* or royal reception; anon he carries *billets doux* to and from her lover, and so becomes the confidant of many an intrigue, and learns betimes the lessons which, if we may believe the chronicles of the time, formed no small part of the education of the gallant; he runs all her little errands, fetches and carries like a spaniel, though his duties are never particularly burdensome or hard to be performed. For instance, we have him in the picture bringing down the salver of fruit, with the bottle of Xeres or Canary wine, which is to follow the dinner and fitly round off the day's refreshments and enjoyments.

In short, the page was more a pet than a servant. In fact, he was not a servant as we understand the word at all—he was rather the ward and *protégé* of his patrons, receiving no pay, but being clothed and fed, and in all things supported by them, while he, at the same time, learned the few things it was thought necessary for a gentleman to know in those happy days, the "good old times," when "compulsory education" was a thing of the far future, and it was rather a disadvantage than otherwise to a man to know how to read and write.

The page was a necessity in every well-regulated household among royalty and the nobility, and the service was very far from being in the nature of a degradation, the pages themselves being often of blood nearly if not quite noble. Nor was the door to advancement by any means entirely closed even to those of comparatively humble birth. As the page grew to an age for more manly pursuits he often entered the service of his master as a squire—having usually sprung from among his lord's vassals—and might hope by prowess and good conduct to win, in due time, the golden spurs of knighthood.

The picture before us is from the pencil of Mr. W. Fyfe, a young English artist, as yet not very widely known, but rapidly winning recognition for the sterling merits of his *genre* pieces. The example we give is painted with great care and faithfulness, and deserves study for its artistic merits as well as for the correct ideas it gives us of a past age, and an old costume which we have in great measure revived.

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SCENE IN VENEZUELA.—AFTER A. GOERING.

IN VENEZUELA.

Of course our readers do not need to be told that the republic of Venezuela occupies something less than a half million square miles of the north-eastern end of the continent of South America—that is, if South America is a continent, a question which we leave to better and wiser geographers than are we. We shall not go into the question of statistics as to its size or location, except to say that it has about a million and a half of inhabitants, and that the capital is Caracas, a town situated almost exactly south of the City of New York—on nearly the same meridian.

Some things, however, we may be allowed to say, and among these are the facts that the coast line of Venezuela extends for some sixteen hundred miles from the Aruacura River at the south-east point of the delta of the Orinoco, to the New Granadian boundary. Of this coast line about a hundred and fifty miles are washed by the waters of the Atlantic Ocean, and the remainder by the Caribbean Sea, and the Gulf of Paria. The Atlantic coast is very low, and is occupied by the delta of the Orinoco, whose dozen or so of mouths deposit enough of alluvium to form a number of islands, which, in that climate, are soon covered with shrubs and trees. The Gulf of Paria is separated from the Caribbean Sea by the Peninsula of Paria. This gulf, which is completely land-locked, has, as a rule, very bold, rocky shores, with a number of small harbors on the south shore of the peninsula. These rocky shores continue—though at a diminished elevation—to Barcelona with several good harbors. From there to Cape Codera the coast, for nearly a hundred and thirty miles, is low and sandy. Beyond Cape Codera the coast range approaches the shore, the mountains rising like a wall from the water. Along this part of the coast are several tolerable harbors although they are open to weathers. The most important of these harbors is that of La Guayra, the port of Caracas. From Puerto Caballo to Coro the shores are again low and sandy, though for the most part covered with mangrove trees and bushes. Venezuela has no lack of rivers, but its principal one is the Orinoco, which manages to flow not much less than the whole fifteen hundred miles of its course through its territory. At its mouth are a number of islands, and it is on one of these that Defoe is supposed to have located Robinson Crusoe.

There are in Venezuela no less than three mountain systems, besides some isolated peaks. These

ranges are the Andes, and their prolongation in the coast range; the Sierra de Bergantin, in the north-east, and a part of the Sierra de Parima, in the south-east. These mountains are not very high; the highest peak of the northern branch of the Andes is considerably less than a mile in height, though the north-eastern branch is more elevated. The Sierra Merida is generally more elevated, its two peaks being each more than fifteen thousand feet above the sea level. The coast range is lower, its highest table land being only about four thousand five hundred feet above the sea, and its highest peak is less than fifteen thousand feet.

Venezuela is divided into three climatic regions.

and the lofty table lands of the *tierras frias*, where there is very little to be seen except pines.

The climate of Venezuela is nearly that of all tropical countries. There are two seasons, the wet and the dry—and there is, in addition, a sort of mid-summer, lasting for about a month, which is called the "little summer of St. John." Some two centuries ago it was a rich gold-mining country, but the mines of gold and silver have been abandoned for a long time although there are other mines of copper, iron, tin, lead and coal which are still worked and are very productive.

The lower portion of the country—that below the level of about three thousand feet above the sea—is

covered with a most luxuriant growth of tropical vegetation. Both soil and climate are particularly favorable to such production, and the result is, that this is made the true "country of palms." In no other part of the American continent do the palms grow in such profusion or attain the same size. The sago palm; the *chiquichiqui*, which furnishes the material for cordage from its fibrous tufts; the *ragua*, which provides an abundance of oil; the *chaguarana*, which yields materials for thatching roofs and lathing the walls of houses, are all there, and so are the wax palm, the cocoa palm, and two or three other varieties. There are, also, the sensitive plant, the cactus—in many varieties—the tamarind, the "bow tree"—and, of forest trees, the colossal *baobab*, the silk-cotton tree, the mahogany, the *curat*, the satinwood, the rosewood, black and white ebony, copaiba, and a number of other trees and plants.

These constitute the mass of the foliage in the lowlands and also along the streams, as shown in



YOUNG ITALY. — AFTER A. BONIFAZI.

The lowlands, which do not rise more than two thousand feet above the level of the sea, are called *tierras calidas*, or hot regions, and these comprise the greater part of the inhabited portion of the country—and in which the temperature is very uniform, ranging from eighty to ninety degrees, and averaging about eighty-two degrees. The lands between two thousand and seven thousand feet high are called *tierras templadas*, or temperate regions, and have a tolerably uniform temperature of from seventy to eighty degrees, while the *tierras frias*, or cold regions, are mostly uninhabited, and have an average temperature of about forty-nine degrees.

The scenery varies with the location, one being able with a little search to find almost all kinds of landscapes, from the tropical scenes of the lowlands to the less luxuriant foliage of the *tierras templadas*,

the picture which we reproduce. It would be almost impossible for us to say anything which should explain so good a picture, so perfect a reproduction of tropical scenery, with all its wealth of fast-growing trees and luxuriant ferns and shrubs with vines winding in and out among the trees and helping to make the landscape more crowded with leafage. We shall not, therefore, attempt any further explanation of our picture than the one we have given in regard to the land from which the scene is taken. So far as the scene itself is concerned, we can hardly imagine anything more attractive nor more suggestive of ideas of luxury and repose than is such a picture of the leafy covert, the "bosky dell," which is here shown. The heavy palms, the clinging vines, all help to increase the feeling, born first of the climate, that one has nothing better to do than to indulge in the *dolce far niente*.



SCENE IN VENEZUELA.—AFTER A. GOERING.

IN VENEZUELA.

Of course our readers do not need to be told that the republic of Venezuela occupies something less than a half million square miles of the north-eastern end of the continent of South America—that is, if South America is a continent, a question which we leave to better and wiser geographers than are we. We shall not go into the question of statistics as to its size or location, except to say that it has about a million and a half of inhabitants, and that the capital is Caracas, a town situated almost exactly south of the City of New York—on nearly the same meridian.

Some things, however, we may be allowed to say, and among these are the facts that the coast line of Venezuela extends for some sixteen hundred miles from the Aruacura River at the south-east point of the delta of the Orinoco, to the New Granadian boundary. Of this coast line about a hundred and fifty miles are washed by the waters of the Atlantic Ocean, and the remainder by the Caribbean Sea, and the Gulf of Paria. The Atlantic coast is very low, and is occupied by the delta of the Orinoco, whose dozen or so of mouths deposit enough of alluvium to form a number of islands, which, in that climate, are soon covered with shrubs and trees. The Gulf of Paria is separated from the Caribbean Sea by the Peninsula of Paria. This gulf, which is completely land-locked, has, as a rule, very bold, rocky shores, with a number of small harbors on the south shore of the peninsula. These rocky shores continue—though at a diminished elevation—to Barcelona with several good harbors. From there to Cape Codera the coast, for nearly a hundred and

thirty miles, is low and marshy. Beyond Cape Codera the coast range approaches the shore, the mountains rising like a wall from the water. Along this part of the coast are several tolerable harbors although they are open to weathers. The most important of these harbors is that of La Guayra, the port of Caracas. From Puerto Caballo to Coro the shores are again low and sandy, though for the most part covered with mangrove trees and bushes. Venezuela has no lack of rivers, but its principal one is the Orinoco, which manages to flow not much less than the whole fifteen hundred miles of its course through its territory. At its mouth are a number of islands, and it is on one of these that Defoe is supposed to have located Robinson Crusoe.

There are in Venezuela no less than three mountain systems, besides some isolated peaks. These

ranges are the Andes, and their prolongation in the coast range; the Sierra de Bergantin, in the north-east, and a part of the Sierra de Parima, in the south-east. These mountains are not very high; the highest peak of the northern branch of the Andes is considerably less than a mile in height, though the north-eastern branch is more elevated. The Sierra Merida is generally more elevated, its two peaks being each more than fifteen thousand feet above the sea level. The coast range is lower, its highest table land being only about four thousand five hundred feet above the sea, and its highest peak is less than fifteen thousand feet.

Venezuela is divided into three climatic regions.

and the lofty table lands of the *tierras frias*, where there is very little to be seen except pines.

The climate of Venezuela is nearly that of all tropical countries. There are two seasons, the wet and the dry—and there is, in addition, a sort of mid-summer, lasting for about a month, which is called the “little summer of St. John.” Some two centuries ago it was a rich gold-mining country, but the mines of gold and silver have been abandoned for a long time although there are other mines of copper, iron, tin, lead and coal which are still worked and are very productive.

The lower portion of the country—that below the level of about three thousand feet above the sea—is

covered with a most luxuriant growth of tropical vegetation. Both soil and climate are particularly favorable to such production, and the result is, that this is made the true “country of palms.” In no other part of the American continent do the palms grow in such profusion or attain the same size. The sago palm; the *chiquichiqui*, which furnishes the material for cordage from its fibrous tufts; the *yagua*, which provides an abundance of oil; the *chaguar-ama*, which yields materials for thatching roofs and lathing the walls of houses, are all there, and so are the wax palm, the cocoa palm, and two or three other varieties. There are, also, the sensitive plant, the cactus—in many varieties—the tamarind, the “cow tree”—and, of forest trees, the colossal *baubinia*, the silk-cotton tree, the mahogany, the *curare*, the satinwood, the rosewood, black and white ebony, copaiba, and a number of other trees and plants.

These constitute the mass of the foliage in the lowlands and also along the streams, as shown in

the picture which we reproduce. It would be almost impossible for us to say anything which should explain so good a picture, so perfect a reproduction of tropical scenery, with all its wealth of fast-growing trees and luxuriant ferns and shrubs, with vines winding in and out among the trees and helping to make the landscape more crowded with leafage. We shall not, therefore, attempt any further explanation of our picture than the one we have given in regard to the land from which the scene is taken. So far as the scene itself is concerned, we can hardly imagine anything more attractive nor more suggestive of ideas of luxury and repose than is such a picture of the leafy covert, the “bosky dell,” which is here shown. The heavy palms, the clinging vines, all help to increase the feeling, born first of the climate, that one has nothing better to do than to indulge in the *dolce far niente*.



YOUNG ITALY.—AFTER A. BONIFAZI.

The lowlands, which do not rise more than two thousand feet above the level of the sea, are called *tierras calidas*, or hot regions, and these comprise the greater part of the inhabited portion of the country—and in which the temperature is very uniform, ranging from eighty to ninety degrees, and averaging about eighty-two degrees. The lands between two thousand and seven thousand feet high are called *tierras templadas*, or temperate regions, and have a tolerably uniform temperature of from seventy to eighty degrees, while the *tierras frias*, or cold regions, are mostly uninhabited, and have an average temperature of about forty-nine degrees.

The scenery varies with the location, one being able with a little search to find almost all kinds of landscapes, from the tropical scenes of the lowlands to the less luxuriant foliage of the *tierras templadas*,

KALLIMAIS.

I.

ONCE — once upon a time in Nomansland,
Hard by the dim shore of the Mythic Sea,
Went forth in arms a young and valiant knight,
Sir Huon of the Rose, with whom there rode
Bold Ferribrand, his stout and trusty 'squire.
These through an oaken forest all day long
Seeking adventures fearless forced their way
Where limbs and leafy branches overhead,
And mighty trunks with mossy bark begirt
Standing on every hand made dismal shade;
But not a human creature met their eyes,
Nor things of life indeed, save once a deer
That scurried fast before the tramp of steeds,
And one scared lizard, warted, rough and grey,
Which for an instant threw a startled glance
From the dead trunk of an uprooted tree,
Then darted into covert. All day long
Thus rode the twain till darker grew the shadows,
When at the sunset hour they came upon
A treeless space, where in a garden fair,
With rose and lily planted, yews close-clipt,
Blue violets under foot, and many birds
Singing on sprays, a stately palace —
Whiter than snow the carven points whereon
The late light rested, tinged with blue the rest —
Lonely and fair it stood — a song in marble.
Straight to its gate of bronze Sir Huon rode,
And grasping there a silver horn which hung
Suspended from above, a blast he blew
Which shook alarum over frieze and cornice,
Buttress and turret, moat and barbican,
Piercing with shrilly tones the casements through,
Then faintly fading into distant echo.
Scarce ceased the notes ere rose the barred portcullis,
The drawbridge dropped and opened wide the gates,
And thence came forth a bent and grey old man
Who, bowing, helped them to dismount and then,
The tired steeds giving to the charge of grooms,
Ushered the wanderers to the mighty hall
With rushes fresh-bestrewn, and bringing seats,
With reverence low and courteous words inquired
How he could serve his visitors the best.

Then said Sir Huon — "To your noble lord
Present my service and bespeak him thus —
'The errant knight, Sir Huon of the Rose,
Craves entertainment for himself and 'squire.'"

Answered the porter next — "O, noble knight,
Whose deeds in arms outstripped his coming here,
This palace has no lord — a maiden rules,
The noble lady Kallimais, sole child
Of good Sir Ebberon, now with the saints —
(Sir Ebberon, once marquis of this wood,
And all the border-land wherein it stands)
Is mistress uncontrolled of this domain.
But nevertheless your welcome is assured,
Where hospitality as free as air
Best fitting his degree each guest receives."

Asked now Sir Huon — "Dwells she ever then
Alone and lonely, this fair damosel?"

Spake then the porter in reply — "Not so.
Never alone, since she has men-at-arms
Prompt to obey (if need be, to defend)
And varlets stout, and maidens at her beck;
But lives she here with none of her degree,
Since to the Saracens from whence she came
Her step-dame went, the Princess Pharmakis.
Gloomy and terrible in mien was she,
And, so they whisper, wise in things forbidden,
Who loved not well the Lady Kallimais,
And at their parting flung back angry words
And threats of evil. I might more recount
But fear I prate too much. Be pleased to sit
While I acquaint my lady of your coming."

Then came a page with store of amber wine,
In golden flask, and cups of amethyst,
And wheaten bread upon a silver salver,
Of which the knight partook, the 'squire in turn.

Now presently came forth fair Kallimais,
As breaks the bright moon through a rift of clouds —
As shows the yellow moon from sombre clouds —
Lighting all things and beautifying all.
She came preceded by her seneschal,
Around her gathered her attendant maids,
Her white-haired old confessor close behind —
The Fray Baltasar, bent with years and vigils —
And with a gentle air and courteous speech
Welcomed the knight, and bade her servitors
Attend him to a chamber with his 'squire,
That he might change apparel at his will.
Now Kallimais was young and beautiful,
And had a charming manner and a grace
That well accorded with her youth and beauty;

And stout Sir Huon felt his heart athrill,
And a strange fear which was a joy in mask
Pass through his spirit as he left the hall.
And after then, his armor laid aside,
In velvet double-piled and sable clad,
And silken hose, and shoes of Barbary leather,
And linen fine, and golden baldric on,
He came fine-prankt to banquet in the hall,
And seated at the right hand of the lady
Was waited on with honor and respect,
Fell straight in love who still had laughed at love
In days before, and worn no lady's token,
And troubled was thereat, for he was poor
Though coming of a good and ancient strain,
While she not merely was of highest rank
But riches had to match her pedigree.

And so that night Sir Huon in his sleep
Wandered through dream-land with sweet Kallimais —
Even in dreams with downcast eyes he gazed —
And wakened in the morn to think of her;
Yet had no thought of her when she was by,
For then both brain and heart were in a whirl;
And for the three days he remained as guest,
Grew more enraptured till at length he knew
He rather would be lord of that fair lady,
Than reign as king o'er all broad Nomansland.

Then went the knight away, bidding farewell
To Kallimais, and with his faithful 'squire
Journeyed to Palestine, where great renown
He won by fighting with the Paynim foe;
And all men held him, as a warrior
Valiant afield, and passing wise in council;
And went his name and fame to many lands;
But wheresoe'er he was his mind went back
To one fair palace standing in a garden,
And one fair damosel with golden hair.

Two years had passed, when from the stirring wars
Seeking a rest from action, he came back,
And craved the hospitality again
Of Lady Kallimais, yet fairer grown,
Who welcomed him in honorable ways,
As did indeed the household of the lady
Which honored much the grave and silent knight,
Till something in her eyes emboldened him
To press his suit upon her, which he did.

The lady heard him with a blush and sigh,
And said — "I feel it honor to be wooed
By one whose name is good on all men's tongues,
And frankly say that no man lives on earth
Whom I would rather take to be my lord.
But ere I yield my maiden state and freedom,
One boon I seek. Pledge me the sacred word
Of a good knight and true, that every week
Upon each Friday, save when it may chance
That holy Christmas falls upon that day,
You suffer me to pass alone the hours
From early dawn to nightfall, seeking not
To penetrate the chamber where I go,
Nor ask to know how I am occupied.
Promise me this upon your knightly faith,
And I your loving lady will become,
And you henceforth shall be my gracious lord,
The master of my life and all I have."

To her Sir Huon in a burst of joy —
"Freely I promise this which is a trifle,
As I would more than this — I would 'twere more!
Not as condition for the hand you grant,
But from affection, and the yielding love
Which may deny you nothing. So I pledge."

And so in due time wedded were the twain —
The king, of whom the Lady Kallimais
Held land in fee, the match approving well;
And noble lords and ladies gentle born
Made festival through all the honeymoon,
And tenantry and vassals loud rejoiced;
And for a year the pair lived happily,
Naught to arrest the current of their bliss
And mutual fondness growing day by day.

II.

An old companion found Sir Huon soon —
Sir Ranulph of the Thistle — who at times
The palace visited, and since the twain
Had been in arms together in the past,
Was feasted and made welcome when he came.
Brave was Sir Ranulph, little fearing man,
Not fearing God at all — an envious wight,
And wicked, though his wickedness he hid
Beneath his roistering manner as a cloak.
Frank in his speech, but secret in his deed,
Open in manner, but with envy gnawed,
He felt chagrined Sir Huon should have won
Riches so great and eke a lovely dame
Who loved him dearly, and he strove to find

Some spot of weakness in the life of either
Which he might pierce and thus his malice sate.
And so he peered into the household ways,
And looked where no one saw his envious glance,
And heard where no one thought he used his ears,
Till, bit by bit, from casual words he learned
That from the cock-crow till the sunset hour
On every Friday, Lady Kallimais
Locked in an inner chamber where no eye,
Save God's, could see her, passed the hours alone.
And marvelled not the household, for it deemed,
The day being one of fast, the lady there
In abstinence and prayer and meditation,
And wholesome mortification of the flesh,
As well became a sinful mortal, strove
To purge the spirit of its earthly dross.
Sir Ranulph smiled at this — some mystery,
He thought, was there beyond what met the senses
Which he would open. Hence he laid his plans.

And so it fell one Friday, ere the noon
Sir Ranulph came, and stayed till fish was served,
And learned the lady was at her devotions,
And could not be disturbed, for so her lord,
Having love and confidence, in truth believed.

Then, full of evil thought, Sir Ranulph said —
"A happy man are you, my dear old friend,
To have so good a wife, so pious too,
Of whom, and of whose ways you are assured.
Ah me! that there are men less blest than you!
Ah me! that there are dames less true than yours!
I knew a noble knight whose wife retired
Weekly as does the Lady Kallimais
Your pure and virtuous consort. As for her,
A wicked wretch, and he, a man abused.
He knew not as he would not of her ways,
So confident was he; but chance revealed.
There was a smart young page — but that is naught:
The dame is dead — she was a wicked woman;
In truth I know not how the story came
Thus to my memory. Whence had you, pray,
This wine of Cyprus? 'T is a toothsome drink,
And good for mind and body. Pledge me now
To the old days when both were bachelors,
And wish me some fair dame in whom I'll hold
That quiet trust you have, and should, in yours."
Then he began to bring again to mind
Their old adventures, when they had the world
All free before them, and their swords were new,
And hearts were eager, and their thoughts were young;
And talking all, and listening none, soon wore
The hours, then took his leave and went away —
A wasp that ere it flew had left a sting.

Strode through the hall Sir Huon all alone,
And out the portals to the garden fair,
And up and down the walks; but neither rose,
Of odorous petals tinged with delicate hues,
Nor stately lily with its snowy bell,
Nor modest violet from its timid lips
Offering its fragrance, had a charm for him.
He thought upon his dame, fair Kallimais —
So sweet, so pure, so true, fair Kallimais —
And yet so strange her ways, fair Kallimais.
Why, if devotion were alone her purpose,
Should she shut out the path to heaven above
She trod in to the loving lord she loved?
She was no wicked dame, fair Kallimais
As she of whom his friend, Sir Ranulph, spake;
But good and sweet and filled with piety,
And fond of him beside — yea! loved him well.
And yet a wife who was a loving wife,
Should have no secrets from her other self,
Not even in her intercourse with heaven;
A whole day in devotion; but one day,
And six which showed no thought of prayer or praise.
He might not spy — 't were mean indeed to spy;
He might not follow her — his promise barred
The way to that; he might not questions ply,
So he was pledged. Sir Huon's lot was hard.
And yet if by some mode outside his vow
He could discover aught, could find him why
Her fast was lone, and what she did within
That inner chamber from the world shut out,
Why then, his mind at ease, and then — and then.
So on another day, she being out,
He furtive sought that inner room, and found
But a mean altar with a crucifix,
A missal, and a vase of holy water,
A praying-stool of wood, and nothing more.
The stool was worn, and bore the marks of knees;
The missal worn, and bore the marks of use.
Never a man so shamed of his suspicions;
And yet when he beheld in the partition
A small round knot that outward fell on pressure,
And struck the floor of the adjoining room,
He let it stay there as it fell — of course.

When Friday next came on, so ill at ease
Sir Huon, that he wandered round the house

Until he came to that same empty chamber
Next where his pious wife was knelt in prayer.
He crept there softly, like a thief he crept,
And would have shrunk away, had not his glance
Fell on the hole from which the knot had dropped.
Then curiosity o'ercame resolve,
And so he stood before the aperture,
And slowly placed his eye thereto, and saw.

And this he saw. At first a tiny mouse
That capered up and down the room — then, horror!
A tigress body, supple, long and strong —
Black stripes and white upon a yellow ground —
Fearfully beautiful, with frightful paws,
And cruel claws, and slender limbs and strong —
A tigress body, with no tigress head,
A tigress body, with a human head,
A tigress body, and the head his wife's —
The head was that of Lady Kallimais,
The golden hair down falling like a mane,
The blue eyes raining floods of earnest tears,
The rosy lips with mental woe contorted —
Enchantress, or enchanted, who might know?
Meanwhile the mouse kept capering up and down,
Frolic and joyous, leaping here and there;
And every time the eyes of Kallimais
Rested upon the tiny creature's form,
A shudder ran through body and through limbs,
A newer shadow on the forehead passed,
A sharper pang of anguish on the face,
While the salt tears fell ever faster, faster;
And the poor creature, whatsoe'er it was,
Monster, or form enchanted, or a vision,
Would rest its fore-paws on the altar there,
And bow its head before the crucifix,
And seem to pray; whereat the mouse would leap,
And jump and frolic as the thing were mad.

Sir Huon had a noble soul and kind,
And knew some doom had fallen on his wife,
A fearful doom and weird and terrible.
Such agony had come not of her will;
'T was dealt by one who had the mastery,
Or by her fault, or by his greater power;
But he would not believe 't was through her fault
And so he left, and sought the open air,
And marvelled. When they met that night no word
Dropt from his lips to tell what he had seen;
But when she fell asleep upon his breast
He lay awake all night, and pondered much
How and through whom he might deliver her,
His dear wife Kallimais from sore distress,
And free her from her bonds, nor break his vow;
For such his love that he believed her wronged,
And such his love he knew her innocent;
But innocent or guilty, nevertheless,
Or wronged or wronger, he would save her yet —
For, innocent or guilty, she was his,
Or wronged, or wronger, he was still her lord: —
For weal or woe he wedded that fair dame;
In weal or woe his love was still the same.

III.

Deep in the Forest, in a mossy hut,
By boughs o'ershaded, where a bubbling spring
Rose eager from between the ferns and mosses,
And filled its basin with a crystal flood
Wherein the watercresses loved to grow,
There dwelt the anchorite Heremiton.
A saint was he who had a scholar been —
And hence a sinner, for who knows all things
Will do all things, and most of deeds are sin
Master of every tongue, and every science
Permitted and forbidden, but of those
Forbidden he forebore. The mate of lords,
The favorite of kings, he left them all,
Flung riches, pomp and honors far away,
And came to end his days in solitude
Where man but rarely was, God evermore.
And there he lived a lonely, quiet life,
Save when some hind sore smitten by disease,
Called forth his skill in leechcraft to his aid —
His food fresh herbs; his drink the limpid flow;
Rushes his bed; his thoughts upon the grave.
Sir Huon sought him out, and told him all.

The anchorite a moment mused, then said —
"A capering mouse, the other seems to fear it?
Saw you no human being in the place?"

"Why, no;" replied the knight, "naught save these two —
And one is human surely though deformed,
The tigress body with my lady's head,
But saving this no trace of man or woman.
The mouse, the altar, and the crucifix,
The vase of holy water and the stool —
The room held nothing more — of that be sure."

"And so this form — your wife, or whatsoe'er
The creature be, if not illusion, knelt

Before the altar and the crucifix,
And not it seems in mockery. That proves
The shape and change is not the fault or will
Of Lady Kallimais. She has a foe
So potent as to scoff at holy symbols,
So strong it bids defiance to the church.
Book, bell and candle will not chase the fiend,
For here no fiend, but something even worse,
A raging woman. Has there ever been
A rival for your love who seeks revenge
On her who won your love? You shake your head.
Had then the gentle Lady Kallimais
No bitter foe who strikes for fancied wrongs?
No rival beauty whom in maiden frolic,
By some light word she wounded in her pride?"

The knight replied — "My lady has no foes,
That I have ever heard of — could not have;
For she is gentle as the morning dew,
And kindly is to every living thing,
And ever was. The only one who hated —
And she because my lady being heir
Barred her from all our lands, is leagues away,
The Princess Pharmakis. She is not here,
But far from hence in Paynim lands, where dwells
Her father, of a province there pashaw."

Then said the anchorite — "Be 't whom it may
Be sure she comes, and in the mouse's shape;
And ere the charm be broken she must die,
Or when the charm is loosened she must die.
My magic staff, my books of magic art,
Are buried deep, and I had never thought
To bring them to the light. Nathless, I will.
And now observe me well. On Thursday night,
When twelve has told its number from the bell,
And loosed uneasy spirits from the graves,
I will be waiting at the postern gate;
Admit me then, and to that oratory
Where prays and suffers Lady Kallimais,
Conduct and leave me. Then at cockcrow go,
When once thy lady shall have left her couch,
And seek thy spot of vantage. Look within,
Note what shall meet thy gaze, then go thy way,
Come thou again at nightfall, and again
Note what thou seest, and there remain until
I call thee, and be glad of heart meanwhile;
For if I read this tale of thine aright,
And potency has not left me through disuse,
The sufferer shall from wrong delivered be,
The wronger perish at the place of wrong.
The saints protect and guard thee — go!"

And so on Thursday at the midnight hour,
When the clock struck Sir Huon left his couch —
His wife still wrapt in slumber — oped the door,
And took Heremiton with book and staff
Straight to that inner chamber where he left him,
Then to his couch returned, but not to sleep.

Ere the cock crowed the Lady Kallimais
Arose and touched her lord who slumber feigned,
Then kissed him fondly as he lay and said —
"The Holy Mother be his shield!" and then
Hastily robing to her sorrow glided,
Whereat the knight with tenderness was filled.
Then crowed the cock within the palace yard,
And rising from his couch Sir Huon now
Followed, and sought his former hiding place
From whence he looked upon the scene within.

His wife was kneeling at the altar's foot,
Her sweet head bowed the crucifix before,
When suddenly a dame, in velvet clad,
Her back toward him, in the room appeared.
The stranger spake not, stirred not, but a thrill
Went through her form, and then it shrunk and shrunk,
Smaller and smaller, shape and substance changing
Until it changed into a mouse which ran
And capered gaily in the chamber's space,
Then came and fixed its bright eyes on the dame.

Then rose the lady from the altar, rose
As one enforced, and in the centre stood,
And trembled there; and then a change began.
Her robe spread to a tigress' hide, her limbs
Were clad with fur, her fingers armed with claws;
And bit by bit, all but her face and neck
Became a ravening, savage brute, while tears
Fell from her eyes, and o'er her tortured features
There spread a veil of woe. And then the mouse
Ran here and there, and leapt and frolicked fast
Whereon Sir Huon softly went away.
He dared not enter, for his oath forbade,
But all that day he neither ate nor drank,
And waited till the night was drawing nigh,
When he returned, and looked again, and saw.

There was the Lady Kallimais yet pacing,
And there the mouse yet capering as before.

And now the last rays of the setting sun
Streamed through the oriel level from the west,
Wrapping them both in radiance like a flame,
When sudden stopt the tigress, so the mouse,
And shook the tigress, an expectant gaze
Crossing the face. The body shook and shook,
And bit by bit, the furred hide passed away,
The silken robes succeeding, and the limbs
Grew human once again, and on the stool
Before the crucifix the lady knelt
And thanked the Blessed Lord. Stood still the mouse,
And shook and shook, but on the instant then
A grey cat from beneath the altar crept,
With ears bent back, and whiskers quivering,
And sprang upon the mouse, and struck its claws
Into the creature's skull, and slew it straight.
Astounded stood the Lady Kallimais,
Then in a moment more the cat was changed,
And, book and staff in hand before her stood
The grave, grey anchorite Heremiton.

The anchorite remained within; the knight
Came to the door and met his wife, who swooned
Into his arms; and then he kissed her lips,
Whereat once more she came to life, and o'er
Her cheeks and lips the blood took course again.
Called loudly by the anchorite, they entered;
And there upon the floor, a lifeless corpse,
The velvet-covered Princess Pharmakis
Lay stretched before them. But Heremiton,
Shunning their thanks, bade them thank God alone,
And left the palace for his woodland cell.

That night the lady told her lord with tears,
How once a beggar to the palace came —
A loathsome leper asking care and food,
Whereat she shuddered and avoided him,
On which he cursed her for a wretch, and then
Her anger being roused, she bade her serfs
To scourge him off, of which she sore repented.
Up to that time the spells of sorcery
Of Pharmakis had never power; from thence
They fell in force; and, for she had a heart
So like a tigress on that day, was punished
By being made a tigress in her form
When fell the day she drove the leper off.

IV.

When came Sir Ranulph on the Friday morn,
And saw Sir Huon and his stately dame
Together in the garden, well he knew
Was happily solved the mystery of that pair
But not for him; and so he held his peace,
And leaving them, and going to the wars,
Was slain in a melef. No more of him.

But nevermore the Lady Kallimais
Knew change of form; the fearful doom had passed;
And lived her lord and she in happiness
For many years, and died upon one day.
From them the house of Tourblanc came, whose crest,
A tigress demi, with a woman's head,
Rampant, surmounts its arms, a turret blanc,
Proper, upon an azure field displayed.

So ends the tale of Lady Kallimais.

— Thomas Dunn English.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

EXCEPT, perhaps, those relating to the passion of
love there are scarcely any two subjects in mythology
which have received more attention from the poets
than have the fables relating to night and morning,
the two great events of the day. From Homer and
Virgil, down through the long line of great and small
poets to the last fledgeling of the brood, there is
scarcely one who has not undertaken to describe the
one or the other, or both, though of course with a
varying amount of success, as with varying genius.
In the poems of Hesiod, of Virgil, and of Ovid, and
in such works as those of Pausanias — not to mention
many others — from which are built our notions of
the heathen mythology, the deities which preside over
these two parts of the day play a very significant and
important part.

According to this mythology, constructed from so
many different sources and authorities, Nox, the God-
dess of Night, was the daughter of Chaos. This
latter, was considered as one of the oldest of the
deities, and was represented as a huge and shapeless
mass, and a confused aggregation of elements from
which the world was formed by the power of Jupiter
or some being still superior to him. As this doctrine

is said to have been first put forth by Hesiod, who lived contemporaneously with Homer, or some nine centuries before the Christian era, it is worth noticing in connection with the account of the creation given in the first chapter of Genesis. We shall soon show how this analogy between the heathen mythology and the Biblical narrative can be carried still further.

things, of both gods and men, and she was worshipped with the greatest solemnity and ceremony. The offerings to her comprised a black sheep, because she was mother of the Furies; and a cock, because that bird crows in the night before it is yet day. The emblem of night—or one of the emblems—was the owl, which was considered essentially the bird of

which we copy. In this picture her chariot is represented as attended by Hesperus, by whom according to some, she became mother of the Hesperides, while according to others, she only bore him a daughter, Hesperis, who became wife to Atlas and mother of the Hesperides, the nymphs who were appointed to guard the golden apples given by Juno to Jupiter at



NIGHT. — AFTER C. BERTLING.

Nox, then, was the daughter of Chaos, and wife of her brother Erebus (Darkness), two children being born to the pair—the Day and the Night. She was also said to be the mother of the Paræ (Fates), of the Hesperides, of Dreams, Discord, Momus (god of pleasantries, comedy, practical joking) of Fraud, and of a brood of similar unsavory and unwelcome deities. Some poets even go so far as to call her mother of all

night. She was generally represented seated in a chariot, covered with a star-bespangled veil, preceded by the constellations (her messengers), and bearing in her arms two children, which are sometimes made to be one black, representing night or death, and the other white, representing sleep or day; while sometimes the children were both white, but one dead and the other newly born—as in Mr. Bertling's picture

their nuptials. These apples grew in the celebrated gardens of the Hesperides, and one of the labors of Hercules was to procure some of them. The name Hesperus was also applied to Venus when evening star—when morning star she was called Phosphorus or Lucifer. It will be seen from this summary of the classical story, that while Mr. Bertling has not followed the mythological idea exactly, he has done so with

sufficient closeness. He has placed the goddess on the back of a charger instead of in a chariot, and he has, very appropriately as we think, represented Hesperus as leading the charger, with reversed torch, while the owls flying about serve at once to identify, if identification were needed, and to announce the goddess in her progress.

there came as children, the winds, the stars, &c. It is a pity to say anything against the virtuous character of even a goddess, but if the mythologists are to be believed, Aurora's beauty attracted many lovers whom she did not repel as she should have done. We have had occasion to show, in a former number, how she made trouble between Cephalus and his wife

Aurora—or morning—is always spoken of as a rosy, fresh-colored woman. Thus Milton represents Adam, waking from the sleep in which Eve had been given to him in this wise:

"Now morn, her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam waked—"



MORNING.—AFTER C. BERTLING.

Morning is generally celebrated by the ancient poets—the moderns following their example to a great extent—under the name of Aurora, a beautiful goddess. She is represented by the mythologists as having been the daughter of Hyperion and Thea, his sister; both of them having been children of Cœlus (Heaven), and Terra (Earth)—and was married to Astræus, one of the Titans, from which union

Procris, and many other similar stories are told of her; among others, that she was the mother of Phaeton, who made such a lamentable failure in trying to drive the chariot of the sun. By the way, it is worth noting that the erratic course taken by the horses in that celebrated runaway, resulted, it is said, in turning the Ethiopians black, and also in causing the arid and pathless deserts of Libya.

And, again, he speaks of Eve as "blushing like the morn." We might multiply similar quotations indefinitely, but forbear, as our readers have doubtless plenty of them in mind.

The goddess was generally represented by the poets as covered by a veil, drawn in a rose-colored chariot by white horses, and opening the gates of the east to the sun with her rosy fingers, while she poured dew

upon the earth to make the flowers grow. Thus Byron, in his poem of "Childe Harold," says:

"The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
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FORTUNE-TELLING - JOHN SWAIN

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FORTUNE-TELLING.—JOHN SWAIN.

interested; had only admirers and made not an enemy. Nothing will remain of Jules Janin but his works, or rather a few of his books, for that constituted his real glory, and his incontestable authority, the 'Feuilleton,' that is to say, the article written day by day. As well demand account of the autumn wind of the leaves it carries away; or, of the echo, the song of the passer by." Among the books were a few articles of *verru*, such as a small statuette in ivory, about ten inches in height, sold for 1,210 francs; a statuette of the Queen Marie Amélie, by Badier, 350 fcs.; a bust of Napoleon I. in marble, 405 fcs.; some stained glass, very rich, given to Janin by Mlle. Rachel, 1,150 francs; and a cabinet, (Louis XIII.) 1,350 francs. The same day, in another room, was sold the "wedding dagger" of Henry IV.; the handle and blade are covered with rich incrustated decorations and several inscriptions in old French. The sheath has two medallions of pearl. Upon one is a hand, upon the palm an eye; around it is engraved—"Prudence measures the end of all things." Upon the other a hand holding a feather, and the device, "I resist force." This historical weapon sold for 12,500 francs (\$2,500).

At Antwerp they wish to hold a celebration in honor of Rubens, the grand painter, who shed such brilliancy upon the Flemish name in the seventeenth century. They hoped to be able to unite upon that occasion the entire works of Rubens; but that idea was totally impossible. They will content themselves with an exhibition of engravings after the pictures of Rubens; an exhibition retrospective of the Belgic school since 1830, and an exhibition of ancient pictures. There will be, also, a competition for a monument to celebrate the third centennial of Rubens; trials of singing; and one of those historical pageants that they know so well how to do in Belgium.

Within a short time four new sensations have been produced at Paris in the theatrical world: the "Doctor Ox," opera bouffe, by Offenbach and Jules Verne; "Dora," by Sardou; "L'Hetman," by M. Déroulède; and "Marjolaine," by Charles Lecocq. The "Doctor Ox," as I have said, is by Jules Verne, music by Offenbach; all know or have read something of the marvellous works of Verne; the little opera bouffe is built upon his work of the same name; the scene is laid in Holland; but, as in all probability America will see the work, I will content myself with giving a synopsis of the scenes, for the benefit of those who may not have seen it. They do not pass really in Holland, but in an imaginary country somewhere in the neighborhood; but the painters and costumers have given to their work a peculiarly Holland character. The scenes pass in the little sleepy village of Quiquendone. Scene 1.—A Holland interior, with its great clock, table, chairs, commodes, etc., in *marqueterie* or inlaid work. All of this furniture is hired from a celebrated antiquary of the Boulevard Capucines; then there is a great *jardinière*, an ancient copper; the stove, and real old windows. Scene 2.—A gas house, with its furnaces, pipes, etc., just like the real thing. Scene 3.—A small square in the village. Scene 4.—Village fair, or *hermesse*, with its booths, etc., in the middle of a square planted with trees, as one finds everywhere in Holland—the effect is very gay and picturesque. Scene 5.—The tower, a two-story decoration; the laboratory below, the platform of the tower above—a stairway from below gives access to the laboratory; a winding stair leads to the platform. Scene 6.—View of a little city in Holland, the prettiest decoration of all, with its canals planted with trees, its bridges, its boats, its quaint brick houses. One can easily imagine oneself in the Low Countries. The costumes are mostly designed by Grévin, the celebrated designer. The costume worn by Judic is the exact reproduction of the "Salome" of Regnault; Judic and Grévin went together to the owner of the celebrated picture to make the designs; all the stuffs and their tints are exact; and the appearance of that bohemian in the quiet, orderly apartment of the burgomaster, *Van Fricasse*, is extremely fine and telling. The ballet costumes are exact reproductions of those worn at this day by the girls of the Isle of Marken.

Physical science plays its part in "Doctor Ox," as all who have seen it know; and in connection may be cited an incident that occurred some time ago when the sciences were employed upon the stage for the first time and created immense wonder. Steam has played its part; but the most wonderful was the reappearance of a murdered woman to her husband, the murderer—and was at the time the most curious adaptation of science to the stage. A certain Professor Pepper had a drama written, to serve as a frame to his illusion—an "animated spectre." A wife, murdered by her husband, appears to the murderer in his sleep, her thick hair floating upon her shoulders, the face convulsed; gliding rather than walking upon the carpet of the sleeping room, she reaches the bedside; the assassin awakes with a start, and contemplates his victim with horror. She indicates the wound made by the poignard, and shows the traces of the blood upon her long white gown. With a bound the man leaves the bed; he was livid. At first he believed himself to be the sport of a shadow, a phantom, produced by his remorse. But it really was a resuscitated being who touched him with her avenging hand; it was a human voice that cried to him, "Miserable! Miserable!" Then, beside himself with fright, he seized a sword, and, turning it against the apparition, pierced it several times. One saw distinctly the sword enter the breast and make its exit between the shoulder blades behind. The spectators were terrified. The woman burst into laughter and melted slowly away. Desrieux and Fechter were among the audience; they were extremely moved. Fechter reflected. The next day both returned; Fechter left Desrieux in the audience and went behind the scenes, although it was forbidden. "Curious!" said Pepper to him on shaking hands. "Tell me what it is," said Fechter. "Find out," said the professor; "but I prohibit you from going into the first *coulisse*." "Agreed." At the end of a moment Fechter touched lightly the shoulders of his *confère*: "A large glass without tinfoil; is it not?" "How do you know it? It is invisible!" "I have not seen it; I have guessed it!" "How?" "Very simply. You see that little bullet of the crumb of bread. I had one just like it that I aimed at that musician in the orchestra who plays the clarionette. I am very skillful; I rarely miss my shot. I threw the ball of bread; and not only did I not hit my musician, but the bullet rebounded—and there it is at the assassin's bed. Look!" "Ah! my dear fellow; you are entitled to the entire knowledge of my secret; follow me under the stage, and give me your word to say nothing!" "I swear not to do so!" During this time Desrieux was more and more interested, and promised to himself to recommend the trick to his director in Paris (it was in London). So he telegraphed that same evening. Two days after, the bargain was made, Pepper gained 15,000 francs.

For twelve years Victorien Sardou has had this his latest and, they say, his best work on hand. First it was called "The Female Spy." When I say twelve years, I mean the sketch of the work was on hand—the play has cost him eight months of labor; generally he takes but four months to write a play. But this he has studied from nature (he said the same of "Uncle Sam"). The new comedy is "furnished" with great taste. The first act—a gallery, or rather pavilion, of a grand hotel at Nice, looking out upon the English Promenade, lined with palm trees, is extremely fine; so is the last scene, a *cabinet de travail*, or working room of a young senator. But, above all, it is the detail of the *mise en scène*, wherein Sardou shows his knowledge of character, and ability to tell his story by dumb show. He stamps the character of the occupant of a certain elegant room in that hotel: upon the chimney-piece in a vase of delf, is an open umbrella; muslin skirts are thrown in disorder upon the sofas; and the remains of a supper or breakfast, with an empty bottle upon the piano. The actress enters, Blanche Pierson; she is in her skirts, half *deshabillé*, with a bit of stuff like a little shawl thrown over her shoulders. She has but one slipper on and is looking for the other. By the side of these details there are others, almost useless, but tending

to show the exactness of the work. "Dora" is having great success, and the receipts are good, averaging about fifteen hundred dollars a night.

"L'Hetman," is another piece of Russian life (anything Russian seems to take immensely), and its production is of the most remarkable character; the costumes were designed under the direction of Zichy, a celebrated Hungarian painter. The director had stuffs dyed, and then faded, purposely to have the exact colors and tints; the covering for the lower leg and feet, made of rushes, were sent for from Russia; so the effect is complete. The whole play is a picture of the most varied colors and interests; a work that would be appreciated in New York.

"Marjolaine" is by Charles Lecocq, the author of "Madame Angot;" but "Marjolaine" is more refined, and approaches the plan of light operas, such as the "Marriage of Figaro," "Martha," etc. The opera bouffe, after having for so long a time pressed a turnip upon its heart, with a little air of seriousness and tenderness, is going to replace the turnip with a rose.

"L'Ami Fritz," at the Theatre Française, produces on an average 7,500 francs a night.

Before the production of "Cinq Mars," by Gounod, at the Opéra Comique, there will be two interesting *débuts*; one, Mlle. Donadio Foder, daughter and grand-daughter of two celebrated cantatrices. The other that of Mlle. Fechter, "daughter of the excellent comedian that America has taken from us," as say the journals here, in "Mignon."

The competition for the grand prize of Musical Composition takes place at the Conservatory of Music, on May 12, at ten o'clock in the morning. The definitive competition will take place on Saturday, May 26. "The competition," says the regulation, "consists of putting into music a lyrical scene for two or three voices, as much as possible unequal."

Another competition will be held, that of the "Poem;" and the manuscripts must be handed in before May 15.

While Bouildien was at the court of Alexander I., of Russia, he wrote a piece for France, and as he finished the parts he sent them in packages marked, to avoid confusion, with a note of music besides the number; one was marked *si*; another, *mi*; another, *sol*. These signs alarmed the police; no doubt they were upon the traces of a plot and correspondence in cypher. They studied for some time. Finally, after many efforts, they translated the *si* into six; the *mi* into mille (thousand); and the *sol* into soldats (soldiers)—six thousand soldiers. They knew it was Bouildien who had sent the packages, and accused him of connivance with the enemies of the emperor. The emperor himself had to quiet his police.—*Outremer*.

COUNT BALDWIN OF FLANDERS.

Not the least of the changes which the invention of gunpowder wrought in the art of war, was the relegation of leaders from the front to the rear of their armies. Up to that time an army commander found it obligatory to be first in all engagements, both because it was necessary for him to be able to watch the movements of the enemy, and because the fighting being hand to hand, no leader of any spirit or courage could refuse to be in the advance; besides which, did he venture to take a position more in the rear, no body of men could be found to follow him into another battle. These were the days when personal strength, physical courage, prowess, had an opportunity to show themselves in any man who went into battle, if he possessed them, while on the other hand if he were a coward, his cowardice was made to appear with equal distinctness, and his disgrace was all the greater for its publicity. It was then that weight and numbers told, and the solid phalanxes, the "Macedonian wedge," and like formations of troops were the most useful and effective which could be devised. Then the somewhat blasphemous saying of Frederick the Great, that "God is always on the side of the heaviest battalions" was much more literally true than it is now.

The invention of gunpowder changed all that,

though very gradually, for the old traditions lingered a long time, and men still went to battle in armor, and still relied on stone walls for safety. Undoubtedly the slowness of this change from the old to the new methods was, to a great extent, due to imperfect knowledge of the effects and best methods of using the new agent, and the faulty construction of the weapons used, such, for instance, as the arquebuse.

pear as much a tradition as the scythe and hour-glass, with which the figures of Time and Death used to be furnished, have now become. Generals now find it necessary to be, not in the "fore front" of battle, but far enough to the rear to be out of personal danger, to be able to overlook the field, and to be at a convenient distance for receiving reports from different points in a probably long extended line. Were even

The incident chosen by the artist for his subject is the storming of the fortifications of Constantinople, the troops being led by Count Baldwin of Flanders—one of the most romantic characters in history. Baldwin was the ninth of the name who had reigned in Flanders. He was born at Valenciennes, in 1171, and soon after succeeding his father, Count Baldwin VIII., closed a war with Philip Augustus, which



STORMING OF CONSTANTINOPLE.—A. DE NEUVILLE.

Nowadays the management of gunpowder and the manufacture of arms have been carried to such perfection that men very seldom meet in personal conflict; troops are no longer massed, but are extended in long, thin lines, firing at one another from a distance. Artillery—by which we mean heavy guns—has been brought to the point that walls of stone afford no defence against it, and earthworks have taken the place, for defensive purposes, of the old-time massive fortifications. Very soon, if the time has not already come—the "imminent and deadly breach" will ap-

pear as much a tradition as the scythe and hour-glass, with which the figures of Time and Death used to be furnished, have now become. Generals now find it necessary to be, not in the "fore front" of battle, but far enough to the rear to be out of personal danger, to be able to overlook the field, and to be at a convenient distance for receiving reports from different points in a probably long extended line. Were even

"Be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre!"

The picture from which our illustration is taken represents a scene in the wars of the Crusades, those remarkable expeditions from Europe to Asia, which did so much to change not only the current history of the world, but also the whole history of human progress for all ages.

had been some time in progress; appointed his uncle William, his brother Philip, and Bouchard d'Avesnes, regents of Flanders; assumed the cross on Ash Wednesday, in the year 1200, in the Church of St. Donat, at Brussels, together with his wife, Marie of Champagne, and a considerable number of nobles of the court, and a little time after the festival of Easter started to join the Crusaders.

He crossed the Alps, descended by way of Mont Cenis into Lombardy, and made his way directly to Venice, where he was received with open arms by his

friend and ally, the Doge Dandolo. With the Venetians he espoused the cause of Alexis, the son of Isaac the deposed emperor of Byzantium, and took part in the campaign which resulted in the capture of Constantinople.

So much did he distinguish himself by his valor in this campaign, and especially in the final assault on the fortifications of Constantinople, that he was elected

been satisfactorily ascertained. The prevailing opinion seems to be that he was captured and tortured to death by his barbarous foes. At all events, his body was never found.

Afterward a man who claimed to be the Count Baldwin made his appearance in Flanders, but after a short time was detected and hung as an impostor; though many people long believed in him as the true count.

To stand for hours beyond the lines of the army—in danger it may be of being picked off at any moment by the bullet of some hidden "bushwhacker"—to endure cold the most intense, or rain, or snow, or heat; and, worse yet, the sleepiness which comes from long and steady watching; to feel, too, the mental strain, always followed by lassitude—to endure all these, is what it is to be on outpost duty. Small wonder, then,



BYGONE TIMES.—AFTER BECKER.

emperor by a council comprising twelve princes, and was crowned in the church of St. Sophia, on the 16th of May, 1204, receiving his crown from the hands of the Bishop of Soissons. His power was only nominal, however, and he found the title but an empty honor, for the Crusaders divided the Byzantine territory among other leaders. He delivered Thrace from the Turks; but the Greeks, aided by the Bulgarians, made war against him, and at the siege of Adrianople, April 14, 1205, he disappeared. Whether he was taken prisoner, or killed, or what was his fate, has never

Recent investigations make it probable that he was one of the wandering troubadours, or *jongleurs*, so plentiful at that time, and that his real name was Bertran de Rains.

—Sidney Grey.

THE RELIEF.

Who that has been in the army and has done outpost duty—as all soldiers and officers had to do at one time or another—but remembers the joy with which the approach of the relieving party was hailed?

that the guard, both officers and men, should feel that the approach of those who are to take their places was literally a relief in the fullest sense of the word. To them it meant rest, hot meals, a soothing pipe; and, unless there should occur an attack, or some sudden movement, as near the *dolce far niente* as a soldier ever could get.

Guard duty, while the most important, is also the most exacting and hardest of a soldier's duties. In the camp, however, the sentry does not have so hard a time as do the outposts or "picket guard." The

camp guard must be vigilant, to be sure, and it is somewhat monotonous to be kept walking back and forth along a "beat" of only a few yards, or, at most, a few rods in length; but he is sure of being relieved at the end of two hours, when he will have four hours of rest in the guard-house before being again called upon for duty.

Picket duty on the outposts is quite another affair. Possibly a brief account of the nature and duties of the picket-guard of a large army may interest some of our non-military readers, and a brief sketch of it will not be out of place. A great army, then, is a great unwieldy machine, and, if taken unawares, is utterly incapable of any action whatever—as was shown several times during the late war, especially at Pittsburg Landing. There is always so much necessary business going on—cooking, distributing supplies, mending garments, shoeing horses and mules, mending wagons and ordnance, burnishing arms and accoutrements, attending the sick, writing orders and despatches, and many other things incident to the daily life and support of a large number of men, that if suddenly attacked it is almost as helpless as is a mob in the presence of regular troops. To be sure, as in the battle referred to, order may be finally brought out of chaos, but chaos is sure to come first.

To secure the safety, then, of this great body, with the immense mass of what Cæsar called *impedimenta* some means must be devised by which due notice shall be had of the approach of any hostile force. To accomplish this, bodies of men are sent out for three or four miles or more, along each of the roads leading from the camp toward the enemy, and these in turn send out squads of greater or less strength, according to the situation, who post themselves so as to command a clear view of the surrounding country, so that nothing could approach them either by the ordinary roads or across the fields without being instantly detected and reported. The pickets of one division connect with those of the next on each side, and so there is formed a complete cordon of observers entirely around the front and flanks of the army, and, if their duty is properly done, no enemy can possibly get near the main body without ample time being given for the army to get under arms and put itself in position for action, for these pickets are posted in squads rather than by single sentries, in order that they may, when an attack seems imminent, deploy as skirmishers, and so at least delay the enemy until the signal corps can acquaint headquarters with what is going on, and give time to form for the proper reception of the enemy. The hardships of the picket-guard we have spoken of above. For them no fires, no smoke even, for nothing must be done to in the least attract the attention of possible scouts of the enemy, and, as they are long hours "on post," the suffering becomes not a small thing. Meantime, they are by no means exempt from danger by night or by day. As a general thing, the rule which forbids their lighting either pipe or fire is as much in force in the daytime as the night, for it is important that no clue, by either light or smoke should be afforded by which the enemy's pickets could recognize their whereabouts; but it sometimes happens that the two forces are not so much opposed to one another individually, as in their capacities as soldiers under their respective flags, when it happens that they will

often agree to temporary truces, and exchange dainties, as the pickets often did during our late war.

Mr. Scott—who has a taste for military pictures—has given us in this one a representation of the relief of one of these outposts, and we can imagine the delight with which the relieved detachment will fall back into some convenient wood, where they may have a chance to cook food, smoke the inevitable pipe, and take a nap, albeit all the time ready for a possible alarm.

UNDER THE APPENINES.

My Roman Boy. Perhaps some of you have never ridden from Florence to Rome, or from the great Seven-Hilled City to Terracina, and thence to Naples. It may be that some of our readers have seen just such a little, pleasant face look out, and wishing him a "good day," as the *vetturino* blundered along under the Appenines.

We may see him again some day, this little bronzed boy of ours, leading the new Garibaldistas from Capra; or we may bend our knees sympathetically in the Piazza di St. Pietro under the blessing of a Papa Nuovo, or a Pio Decimo. Why! Popes have been



GRAND ROUNDS, HAMPTON, VA.—JULIAN SCOTT.

made of such dear, laughing faces; and even generals, such as Napoleon, who being a Corsican was really an Italian; or such statesmen as Count Cavour. The jingle of the bells as they pass under the olive-lined hills by Castle Nuovo—or go a little farther down, as they rattle by Gaeta, and through Prosilippo—will bring out from under the walls the same face, or a similitude thereof, of the "Roman Boy." You may cross over from Naples to Capri, and get somebody to run your boat under the alcoves of the Blue Grotto, there is still the same laughing, smiling, half-joking similitude of a modern Momus.

Turn again the kaleidoscope. May not our Roman boy be another Rienzi? May he not be a second Tribune of the people, before whom Roman rights and ancestral wrongs must at some time in the dim future be adjudicated?

My Roman Boy! It may so hap that you shall turn out a brigand, a robber of men, an Italian Bedouin, and, with your comrades, arrest foreigners and cut their ears off if they do not pay tribute to you. We do not believe it. You, laughing, smiling model of good nature! Aye, that is what you are—you are a happy model of happiness. So may you be kept, either in some painter's studio, or in the greater studio of life, in the which you shall be not only the model, but the model maker. —W. Franklin.

BYGONE TIMES.

In this country, where we have none of those permanent public galleries of paintings which are to be found in all the large cities of Europe, such a scene as the one Mr. Becker has given us in his admirable picture is not often to be met with. Abroad, however, it is common enough to find in any gallery, at any hour of daylight, copyists in front of almost all the pictures of any note; sometimes as many as two or three being at work at the same time before the same picture. Some of these copyists are students, honestly working for practice, but a great many more—especially in some of the Italian and German towns, and in Paris, where are found works by the old masters—are merely copyists and nothing more. Some of these copyists are employed by patrons who desire good copies of pictures the originals of which they cannot hope to possess; some of them copy on their own account, hoping to sell either to a private customer or to some dealer; while others are in league with unscrupulous dealers in the production of "old masters," to be palmed off on ignorant and unwary tourists. This business of manufacturing "old masters" has not, we believe, as yet attained

any great proportions in this country, probably from the superior honesty of our picture dealers, though the scarcity of genuine specimens of the work of the old masters of painting may have had something to do with it; but in Europe—particularly in Italy—it is a regular if not quite a legitimate branch of trade. It is not so difficult as it might, at first thought, seem. It is well known to the not-too-scrupulous dealers that there are very many travellers who have acquired wealth, with, at best, but a smattering of education, and that these tourists are usually ambitious to be thought lovers and patrons of art and artists; being usually especially desirous of buying only the works of the old masters, or of some of a few of the moderns who have received the stamp of general approval

as evinced in a growing fame and a world-wide reputation. All the dealer in old pictures has to do is to find some struggling painter who is clever in copying what he sees before him, and who falls so far short of the standard of the true artist as to have failed in working out on canvas any of the great ideas which may have inspired him. This young man, probably starving, yields—possibly not without a struggle of wounded pride and sensibility—to the blandishments of the dealer, and consents to paint copies which are to be passed off on unsuspecting buyers as originals. If they are intended for "old masters," it is only needed to give them, by well-understood processes, the appearance of great age, and the work is done. The trade is a despicable one, but is the fruit of that ignorance and ostentation which will not recognize or patronize merit which has not already received a permanent stamp of genuineness.

The old lady in the picture is evidently a professional copyist; but we will wager that she is an honest one, and that her pictures are sold as copies—not as originals. It is a curious fancy which has set her to copying the picture of "Love and Psyche" at her time of life! Who can tell what reminiscences of bygone times it brings to her? Let us hope the thought of love makes her happy, and that her remembrances are pleasant and consoling.

FANNY DAVENPORT.

THERE is a quiet little house in Forty-fifth Street, New York, which the passers-by scarcely notice, yet in it is living a lady, who, within a few years, has attained a prominence upon the stage which has made her pleasant, cheery features known to all the intelligent theatre-goers of the city. Prominent as her position is, she has not yet passed the number of years which indicates that she can be called "old maidish." The freshness of her youth has continued until to-day, and her *naïveté* is as it was when, in her early days, she adored Dickens, and wept over the sorrows of Little Nell. In her enthusiasm she wrote him a long letter, full of thanks for the pleasure which the great reader and writer of nature had given her. It was only when she had reached her tenth year that she received, as a Christmas present from her father, E. L. Davenport, a copy of Dickens's works, which held up life to her as in a mirror. She said in her letter that she was the daughter of an actor and actress; and her heart was touched by the sad story of Dora's love-life, and was made strong by the infallible earnest truth of Little Dorrit. Her faith in the success of her future life gave her the boldness to say she would have "a play made from all his books, and never play any parts but the beautiful characters he had created." On the arrival of Mr. Dickens in America, among his first letters he wrote the following: "If the Miss Davenport receiving this is the Fanny Davenport who wrote a long letter some years ago to Mr.

Dickens, will she give him the opportunity of thanking her for the child's gift he has never forgotten." Miss Davenport keeps this terse letter among her choicest treasures—close to the diamonds which have excited both the envy and the admiration of her enthusiastic audiences. There is little doubt that Miss Davenport, who is not a mere child of the stage, ornamented for display, holds this letter of Dickens as among her chiefest jewels.

Fanny Davenport is now twenty-seven years old; was born in London, England, at the time her father was making a most successful tour with Anna Cora Mowatt. Almost from her cradle her mind has been associated with the lives and performances of actors and actresses. Commencing her career she did not imagine all the applause of the public, and the trophies of victory from the critics of the press, were

to be gained simply by a pretty face. It is doubtful even if she has a consciousness of the beauty which enchants so many. Her course has been one of conscientious, hard, industrious labor, and a firm determination to earn praise, not simply to win it. Her winsome face has not been the only attraction to the public, for it has been effectually concealed in her representation, for example, of *Ruth Tredgett*, in "Charity," where she represented such a disreputable tramp that no station-house would have given her a night's lodging. Her first appearance was at the Howard Athenæum, in Boston, and when she took the part of the child in "Metamora," she was well

dress has passed into a proverb, so would her house-furnishing become a model, could it be publicly displayed. Heavy antique designs, wrought in dark woods, upholstered in rich, deep shades of purple, seem to set off the airy bits of statuary she delights in. A marble Mercury poised on one toe adorns a pedestal; two struggling Cupids skim across a second block of marble; a dainty Psyche bends to brush a butterfly from the leaf that trembles beneath its weight. Rare Japanese vases, Sevres urns, and carvings of ivory, and lacquers of Japan, with other articles of *vertu*, decorate her drawing-room.

But it is in the suite of rooms above stairs that Fanny Davenport is most at home—a library, dressing-room and a bed-room opening together.

The writer of this article went in search of her one morning lately; and, perched on a step-ladder, dexterously handling a hammer, was the public favorite.

From her elevation she began detailing to him her grievances.

The upholsterer's man had failed to come; the man who did some work for her the day before was "color-blind and figure-crazy"—he had hung two landscapes wrong side up, "and they were not Turner's," she added, "so it made quite a difference in their general appearance. In utter desperation I went at it myself," she said, "and find that I'm equal to hanging a lambrequin, and that is equal to capital punishment."

Then she came off her vibrating perch, assuring me it was a "treacherous hussy," and when the gender was doubted she said she had been "off it twice that morning, and dis-

covered it was a Mis-step Ladder," which settled "its femininity at once. Against the dark maroon velvet paper on the walls hang the most noted faces that have looked across the footlights in the past. The fragile, *petite* figure of Rachel, like a panther in its suppleness and capability of dangerous passion. The beautiful Mlle. Mars; Mrs. Abington, the original Lady Teazle; the unmistakeable Irish face of Miss O'Neil; the big nose and shot-away chin of Peg Woffington (which rather weakens the belief in the orange-peddler's beauty), Garrick, Siddons, and the wonderful Dejazet dispute the palm of attraction with later stars; for here among them is a fine painting of Forrest, as *King Lear*, and a crayon head of Parepa Rosa, to which is attached an autograph letter.

Between Wilkie Collins and Gustave Doré, hangs a large, well-painted photograph of Clara Morris, received and her pertness and prettiness admired. Her head was not turned; she became a close student; and, step by step, she has ascended the ladder until few rungs remain between her and a world-wide fame. Her career actually dates from her engagement by Augustin Daly at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. When Miss Agnes Ethel was ill she took her part in "Play," as *Rosa*, made a hit, and since then has had unwavering success. Her toilet—the exquisite taste she displays in harmonizing colors and adapting various modes to her form—has made her the study of the fashionable world; modest and refined taste in all her apparel is a distinguishing feature. We could say more without exhausting our subject, but content ourselves with copying from a neat little sketch of a peep at her home: for, as Fanny Davenport's taste in

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FANNY DAVENPORT.

which Miss Davenport purchased in San Francisco. In all the house there are but two visible pictures of its beautiful mistress, one a little colored imperial *carte*, that, burned at all its edges, survived the fire at the old Fifth Avenue; the other, the delicious *basso-relievo*, taken by Landy in Cincinnati. In this picture the drapery has so marble-like a fall, the face with its closed eyes and powder-whitened hair has so statue-like an effect, it is hard to believe the photograph was taken from a living woman. Then Miss Davenport displays her newly acquired treasures—about fifty old books collected by the late Peter Abel, and a large volume containing the earliest efforts of photography, over which she laughs a dozen times a day.

—D. Wilkins.

CIMABUE AND HIS PUPIL.

ON a certain day in the year 1260, the whole city of Florence appeared to be in motion. The roofs of the houses were filled with spectators, the balconies crowded, and the streets thronged. Few seemed to understand exactly what was the occasion. Some said a miracle was to be performed. All were in eager expectation of something strange and wonderful.

At length the deep, solemn chant of the monks was heard, and a long procession of holy fathers appeared in sight. The loud impatience of the populace was now awed into silence, while the monks proceeded along the streets, their heads covered with cowls, and their long black robes giving an unearthly appearance to their figures; yet from the eyes that glanced beneath their dark hoods might be discerned expressions of triumph and exultation; there was none of the *misericordia* of their usual deportment. They were on their way to the Church of Santa Maria Novella. The procession advanced along the Borgo Allegri, which took its name from the joyous occasion. The picture of the Virgin Mary, larger than life, was borne on a triumphal car, by milk-white steeds, with nodding plumes, and harnessed with blooming wreaths. The Tuscan girls preceded it, dressed in white robes, and strewing flowers. Every little while, a bell was rung, and the host elevated. To the joyous acclamations of the multitude, that shook the air, profound silence succeeded; every knee was bent; again the bell rang, and all was life and animation. Then came a new procession of priests, with the young choristers bearing their wax candles and consecrated palms, and finally Cimabue himself, the young artist, crowned with the laurel wreath, and followed by the nobles of Florence.

The procession slowly moved toward the Church of Maria Novella; and there the Virgin was received by the holy brotherhood with fresh honors, and placed in her new residence. High mass was performed, and the day concluded with feasting and mirth; while, in the evening, the Arno reflected from its glassy bosom the fire-works which arose with new acclamations from the enthusiastic multitude.

Cimabue was a descendant of the Gondi family, one of the most noble in Florence. They had given a long line of saints to the calendar; and now the last count determined to adorn the family chapel with rich paintings. But where were the artists to be found? Not in Italy. The destructive wars had crushed the arts, and nothing remained worthy of the name. It was necessary to send to Greece for painters. They came, and, however imperfect were their works, fired the genius of the young Cimabue. After studying and becoming familiar in practice and in theory with their manner, he abandoned it for a better; and, inspired, as he said, "by the blessed mother herself, who sat to him in her own person," he produced a painting of her to adorn the church dedicated to her worship. It was no sooner beheld, than it was pronounced a miracle. A day was appointed in which it was to be carried to the place of its destination, with divine honors, a portion of which were showered upon the head of the artist.

Encouraged by this success, Cimabue ventured to paint without the immediate patronage or inspiration of the Virgin Mary. He now produced a picture of Christ crucified, with the mother and St. John near;

but it is evident his conceptions went far beyond his execution, as he was reduced to the necessity of putting written labels into their mouths, to express the sentiments of the individuals.

Of all his admirers none was more ardent than Giotto, a simple hind, in the duke his father's service, who had been appointed to the honorable office of guarding the flocks among the hills of Tuscany. Cimabue had saved his life; but this was not the only source of his enthusiasm—he had been sometimes admitted to a sight of his paintings, was a worshipper of his Maria at the Church Novella, and now might be daily seen in the fields with a piece of chalk in his hand, sketching figures on the rocks, while his sheep were grazing near him.

In one of Cimabue's rambles over his paternal domains, he was struck with a drawing of a lamb on one of the smooth rocks. It seemed to him very remarkable; and, inquiring who had made it, he learned that it was Giotto. He immediately sought out the father, and offered to take the boy as a pupil.

Giotto well repaid his instructions. He at once threw off the fetters of the Greeks, with whom the art had been degenerating from the time of Apelles, and who now had little to bestow on the Italians, after having stimulated them to the cultivation of their native powers.

The extreme rapidity with which Giotto advanced in design, undoubtedly arose from the study of the ancient sculpture, many specimens of which had already been discovered among the ruins of the ancient cities and villas.

His pure taste soon discarded the use of labels. "I must express by my pencil," said he, "what Dante would by words."

This was indeed a difficult task, and imperfectly accomplished; yet he arrived at so much excellence as to be called the pupil of nature, and marked out the path in which the art ought to be pursued. He did not confine himself to painting in fresco (the use of oil was then unknown), but executed figures in mosaic also. One of these is preserved, representing Christ walking on the water, and the disciples in the boat, exhibiting each characteristic signs of fear and amazement. This was afterward placed over the great entrance to St. Peter's Church at Rome, and is known by the name of "Giotto's Boat."

The devotion and constant deference of Giotto to Cimabue, was a grateful tribute to that noble artist; for the pupil had now far surpassed the master, though always yielding him the attention of a son. Cimabue bequeathed to his young friend the favor of his admiring fellow citizens, and the friendship of his family.

At that time Dante had just become known as a poet. Between him and Giotto a strict friendship was formed. They might well consider themselves engaged in a common cause; for it is difficult to mark a line of distinction between the two arts of poetry and painting, when their respective operations upon the character are superficially considered. Painting, however, has a tendency to abstract the mind from the causes of popular excitement; while poetry sometimes connects an author with the heart-stirring interests of social life. This was the case with Dante; he was engaged in violent factions, and finally exiled from his native city, Florence. Previously, however, he was one day contemplating Giotto's picture of St. Francis, where he represents the various scenes of that saint's life in thirty-two pieces. "I perceive," said he, "you will win immortality."

"Not unless you will secure it to me, by permitting me to paint your portrait," replied the artist.

Dante consented; and it is to Giotto that the world owes the portrait of the illustrious poet.

The fame of the artist could not be confined to Florence. Pope Benedict sent for him to Rome, and employed him in the Vatican, and in St. Peter's Church, having selected Giotto on account of the perfection of an O that he drew with so much accuracy that it has passed into an Italian proverb: "Round as Giotto's O."

While Dante was in exile at Ravenna, he sent to Giotto to join him; when there, he painted several pieces in fresco, for the churches; and, on his return

to Florence, was sent for by the king of Naples. Soon after his arrival he heard of the death of Dante. He was employed to paint in the chapel of the Monastery of St. Chiara, which had just been completed. The subjects he selected were scenes from the Old and New Testament. And many said that his manner of treating his subject was through the inspiration of Dante. He seemed to entertain something of the same idea himself, and it was fully believed that the poet appeared to him in a dream, and suggested the composition. His death took place in 1336, at the age of sixty. He was buried in the Church of St. Maria del Fiore, at Florence, and the city erected a marble statue over his tomb.

FORTUNE-TELLING.

"Ah, my pretty lady! show me your hand, and let me tell to you what I read thereon. The old have sometimes cunning eyes."

The gypsy woman has been bribed by an ancient lover of the fair Amaryllis, whose hand is extended, to beguile her into sweet fancies, and the venerable Adonis is peeping from behind the curtains to see the progress of the plot.

"Silver or gold, lady? There are lines of both here, or my palmistry is at fault, and which shall it be? Your future promises much riches."

Evidently the charming demoiselle has little need of either, beyond the dictates of ambition, as may be noticed by the surroundings of her boudoir, which is grandly curtained and arrased. The gilded mirrors, the heavy carpet on which the foot-falls are unheard, the rich carvings of the furniture, are all indicative of that happy state of society in which Hymen is free to choose without fear or favor. He has been the prime mover in almost all things since Venus conquered Mars. He overthrew Troy, vanquished Egypt, and is no myth to be put away with a flourish of the hand. Since Venus sprang from the Cytherean Sea, as full of beauty as when she led Paris after Helen to his own misfortune, he has been—Cupid, the conqueror.

The wandering crone has learned her lesson well, and her own palm has been crossed by the mighty magician that has let fall the scales from human eyes ever since "Adam dived and Eve span." There is a cunning leer, too, in the wrinkled face—a wise expression about the toothless mouth, even the posture itself is in excellent keeping with the story, "Shall I tell your fortune, my pretty one?" Neither, we fancy, is the elderly bohemienne alone in this conspiracy with the gentleman behind the curtain. The look of the companion figure is replete with anxious approval, and the confidential way in which she lays her hands upon the shoulder, has a wonderful indication of what is uppermost in her mind. But the charming representative of the *ancien regime*, perhaps, has an idea of her own; will test the inducements held out to her well before she finally decides, and is playing a game of her own choosing. Love not only laughs at locksmiths, but it has a sort of prescient wisdom that sees through plots, and counterplots to its own advantage. Princess or peasant, it is all the same, and will not be bartered or sold, if it is worth the having.

Far away, it may be, is the archer whose arrows are only silver tipped; but her heart has been hit by them, and the wound can only be healed by the hand that gave it. It is not always true, as the French proverb has it, "Love does much, but money does all things." As frequently it is reversed, and though gold may do much, love may be omnipotent after all. Such, we think, is the story of the picture whose title heads this sketch. The lover, whose love she holds dearest, may be some poor but valiant soldier, he may be a struggling artist, or some sailor ploughing the vasty deep in search of lands as yet unknown, with whose discovery he will gain his knighthood and his sovereign's accolade. She thinks that she has chosen the safer road, and no doubt she has. Wise little head! Let your heart be your own fortune-teller, it will prophecy far more truly than the gaudily dressed crone who attempts to read the lines on your rosy-hued hand.

—F. Wright.



A FROLIC IN THE FIELDS. — AFTER JULES WAGNER.